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APRIL 11, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MARYKNOLL'S MOTHER MARY COLUMBA

Far from worldliness, close to the world.

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VOL. LXV NO. 15



"A penny for your thoughts," says Carter's

No monkey business, mister. Do you truly admire yourself in your underwear? Could you call it stylish? And is it comfortable in the right places?

Naturally, the answer is a resounding "Yes!"—if you're wearing Carter's Trigs. They're tailored to make a manly torso more so. Trigs Boxers . . . Trigs Briefs (*with the Neva-Vex Front*) . . . Trigs Shirts . . . a style for every whim.

And what fabrics! Nylon and Chrom-spun. Orlon tricot. Soft, combed cotton. Tasteful colors as you want them. Stripes, checks and Tattersalls.

All knitwear. Gentle knitwear. A cinch to launder. No ironing. You can't beat it. Come get yours. Carter's—the great name in underwear for the entire family. William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Massachusetts.



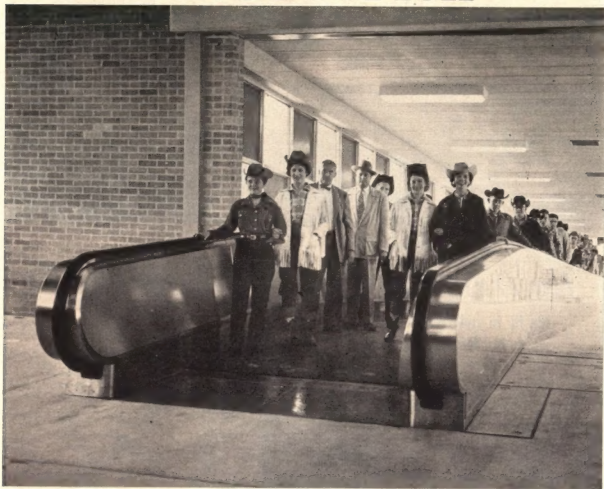
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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



This sidewalk does your walking for you

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

HERE'S how people "walk" while standing still—an easy, no-stop, no-waiting way to travel. It's the new B. F. Goodrich "Powerwalk" just opened at the Houston, Texas, Coliseum.

B. F. Goodrich engineers had developed many kinds of conveyor belts to move materials faster. They believed the same idea could be used to speed crowds of people along heavily traveled hallways and ramps. The result of their work is seen in the picture—a moving sidewalk that carries 15,000 people an hour across a bridge from a parking lot to the auditorium.

The moving rubber belt is as easy and safe to ride as an escalator. The speed can vary, but most of them will move at 1½ miles an hour. If you're in a hurry, you can walk along the moving belt and so get where you're going 50% faster, or you can stand relaxed and let the sidewalk do your walking for you.

Before long, you and your luggage may ride a B. F. Goodrich Powerwalk from a train platform to a taxi stand, or out to an airplane loading ramp, or through a crowded hallway in a bus station.

The new rubber Powerwalk is only

one example of the product development and improvement that is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. New ways are constantly being found to make conveyor belts, V belts and hose work better, last longer. That's why you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you buy rubber products from your B. F. Goodrich distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-404, Akron 18, Ohio.*

(Powerwalk—T. M. The B. F. Goodrich Co.)

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



"FOR OUR VACATION TRIPS

We travel on wings and wheels!"

We fly in style with TWA . . .

See more, do more, have more fun with a Hertz car on arrival!"

"There's just nothing like the Plane-Auto Travel Plan. My husband always uses it on business trips . . . and now we use it for our family vacations.

"On our TWA Constellation we always enjoy spacious room . . . excellent meals . . . charming service . . . and best of all, we can take advantage of the TWA Family Half-Fare Plan. My husband pays full fare . . . but the children (under 22) and I pay only half-fare. Isn't that wonderful?"

"On arrival, there's a clean new Ford Fordo-

matic or other fine car waiting for us. (We always reserve one in advance, you see.) And off we go! We see more, do more . . . in a car as private as our own . . . and the cost is really quite reasonable. National average is only \$34.25 a week, plus 8 cents a mile with gasoline, oil . . . and proper insurance included *at no extra cost!* (And 5 people can ride for the same low cost as one.) On your next vacation, be sure to fly TWA . . . and rent a new Hertz car on arrival. It's sheer luxury at modest cost!"



TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

Just the ticket for travel anywhere

HERTZ
RENT A CAR SYSTEM

LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

This bottle of air may save men's lives. Shipped upside down, sealed with mercury, this bottle contains air from the plant of a Liberty Mutual policyholder. It is one of some 3000 air samples shipped last year to Liberty's industrial hygiene laboratory for measurement of air pollution. Another 2000 samples were analyzed by hygienists in the field. This constant supervision prevents occupational diseases caused by fumes, vapors and dusts. By discovering danger early and advising control measures, Liberty protects the health of countless workers.

How you benefit by being an owner...

Your Liberty policy on your home, car or business gives you the advantages of mutual enterprise. You're an owner who shares in savings. Yet your policy is non-assessable.

The Liberty Mutual people who serve you are employees of your company. They're paid salaries to look after you. They have no other axe to grind.

Over forty years ago, policyholders like you founded Liberty — business men who wanted better insurance service at lower cost. As owners they kept Liberty ahead in loss-prevention ideas of every sort. Result: thrifty, sound insurance.



"I had to hit something. I missed the youngster by an inch but crashed into a car parked at the curb. I was a hero to everybody except the people whose car I hit. They wanted their damages paid. When I telephoned Liberty Mutual, the claimaman lifted the worry right off my shoulders — said my responsibility would be met fairly and promptly." Liberty's direct service is better and quicker service. There are Liberty offices, coast-to-coast, and in Canada and Hawaii.



Whiffle-hound teaches children safety on the streets. This amusing dog (his name is "Safety") has eyes that flash red and green. On film, in booklets and in person, he travels around the country to show school kids how to avoid getting hurt. The Whiffle-hound is part of Liberty Mutual's many-aided program to increase pedestrian safety — to save lives and injuries and to keep insurance costs low.

80,000'

70,000'

60,000'

50,000'

40,000'

30,000'



Bendix* Liquid Oxygen Systems breathing and atmospheric pressure

OUR military fliers want every foot of altitude they can get for one reason only—the man on top has a better chance to win the battle. So we are now engaged in an intense struggle building planes that can fly higher and life-sustaining apparatus which permits men to invade the completely alien World of the High Sky.

Up there fearsome and terrible things can happen!

Here on good old Mother Earth our bodies are accustomed to great pressure from the weight of the vast sea of gases above us. So sensitive are we to any change in altitude that even a ride in an office building elevator sometimes makes our ears pop.

You can well imagine what the problem is at 70,000 feet and higher where our latest rocket planes fly.

First we have to make oxygen gas. There's not

enough room any more in military planes to carry bulky gaseous oxygen tanks. The new Bendix Liquid Oxygen System makes large quantities of this vital gas from a small container of liquid oxygen. It saves much space and weighs far less.

Next we have to regulate the flow—see that the man gets it in just the right amounts because too much is as bad as too little and his requirements change as he goes up.

Now the going gets rougher. Even though you are giving him pure oxygen, a man isn't physically able, at extreme altitudes, to gulp in all he needs. So this Bendix System has to *pressure* pump oxygen at the *correct* pressure into his lungs and through the membranes into the blood stream. At the same time, to keep him from literally blowing up, it applies equal



*This is how you equip a man to Live
in the thin, cruel air of the High Sky!*

automatically duplicate normal conditions to sustain life!

pressure to the outside of his body within his pressure suit!
And it does all these things exactly, automatically and un-
failingly because a man's life is at stake.

The Bendix Liquid Oxygen System is made by our Pioneer-
Central Division, Davenport, Iowa.
It's one of many systems Bendix
has developed and is producing now
which solve some of the complex
problems our military forces are
faced with these days. For more
about Bendix we invite you to
write for the brochure "Bendix and
Your Business."

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ultrasonic cleaners.

BENDIX PRODUCTS, SOUTH BEND, IND.
automotive brakes, carburetors, power steering;
aviation brakes, landing gear, fuel metering.

PACIFIC, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
telemetering equipment; hydraulic and electric
actuators; depth recorders; boat steerers.

ECLIPSE-PIONEER, TETERBORO, N. J.
aviation instruments and components; foundry.

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connectors; ignition analyzers.

RED BANK, EATONTOWN, N. J.
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AC-DC generators.

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bicycle coaster brakes, Stromberg® carburetors,
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automotive, marine and small engine carburetors.

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MARSHALL-ECLIPSE, TROY, N. Y.
brake blocks, brake lining, synthetic resins.

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automatic viscosity regulators, nuclear products.

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digital computers.

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jet engine controls and aircraft pumps.

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aviation components.

MONTROSE, SOUTH MONTROSE, PA.
aviation components.

YORK, YORK, PA.
electronic devices; test equipment.

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Windsor, Ont.

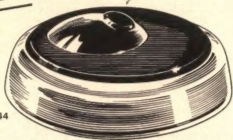
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New York City

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*If this is not the most
satisfactory desk pen
you have ever used*

MODEL 444 DESK SET
with the PEN that FILLS ITSELF



MODEL 444

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about this
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LETTERS

The Yalta Papers

Sir:

Congratulations on the best and most exact appraisal of The Yalta Story [March 28]. The subtitle tells practically the whole story in a nutshell: "The peace was lost by ignoring justice and the facts of life" . . .

MAX KOFFLER

Brooklyn

Sir:

I wish I were a contemporary Buddha—or even an octopus—so that I might have more than our allotted number of hands to applaud you for having published those pertinent excerpts of Major General John R. Deane's letter to General George Marshall, written before the now hysteric Yalta fiasco. Had the late F.D.R. seen fit to heed it (instead of hide it!) during those mollycoddling, vodka-swilling days, God only knows how much more beautiful the world might have been today. "We Must Be Tougher" should be rammed down the throats of every American who still vacillates between the two present global ideologies . . .

JOHN A. MORGAN
Colonel, U.S.A.R.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

The revelations from Yalta again remind me of Christ's prophetic pronouncement: "... Beware ye of the heaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy" . . . And F.D.R.'s pious preachment: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

HENRY J. VON SCHLICHTEN
Pastor

Lutheran Church of Our Saviour
Port Washington, N.Y.

Sir:

Lloyd George, Wilson and Clemenceau were the Big Three at Versailles. Years later, Lloyd George, according to Australia's wartime Prime Minister William Morris Hughes,

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TIME
April 11, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 15

TIME, APRIL 11, 1955

The PEN that FILLS ITSELF

New type ink-fountain in base fills pen automatically—keeps pen ready to write up to a full page or more every time you take it from socket.

Choose
the right point for the way
you write... by number

Finger grip
never touches ink. No chance
for ink to touch you.

Point instantly
interchangeable and renewable.
More than 30
point styles.

MODEL
444

Fountain-base "ink-locked"
against accidental spillage.
Only the pen unlocks the ink.

Fountain-base holds
40 times more ink than
ordinary fountain pen. Won't leak.
Won't flood. Easy to clean
as a saucer.

- 2668 *General writing*
- 2314F *Fine Stub*
- 9350 *Extra Fine*
- 2284 *Signature Stub*
- 9356 *Fine writing*
- 9668 *General writing*
- 2314B *Broad Stub*
- 9460 *Carbon Copied*
(Also public counter use)



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Not just a new car but a new

ADVENTURE IN VALUE!



The new
HILLMAN line
starts at

\$1445

If you're on the lookout for MORE VALUE in automobiles, the new HILLMAN line is precisely your cup of tea! The new HILLMANS start at \$1,445 and end all quibbling about which 1955 car you ought to own.

Take the new HILLMAN HUSKY, first car of its kind—part sedan, part station wagon. Take the new HILLMAN 4-door De Luxe Sedan—the 2-tone Hardtop—the 3-way Convertible. All have the new valve-in-head engine. More power on less gas.

Mail coupon or look for name of nearest dealer in the classified section of your newspaper. He's a good man to know!

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MOTORS INC.

ROOTES MOTORS INC.
505 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
9830 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Gentlemen:

Please send me
☐ Name and address of my nearest Hillman dealer
☐ Full details of the Rootes Overseas Delivery Plan

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DEPT. TI-4

had this apology to make: "I did my best, but seated as I was between Jesus Christ and Napoleon Bonaparte . . ." How we progressed in the 25 years between Versailles and Yalta! I wonder if Churchill will live to say: "I did my best, but seated as I was between Pontius Pilate and Attila the Hun . . ."

JETHRO HATCH

Tarrytown, N.Y.

Sir:

The Yalta revelations fill me with a sense of shame . . . that my country has negotiated its foreign policy from the standpoint of spiritual apostasy and moral weakness rather than of strength . . . The Eisenhower-Dulles regime marks the wholesome arrest of a drift in foreign relations, but something more than a plea for changeless principle is needed. Sin and redemption are still primary reference points for national survival . . .

CARL F. H. HENRY

Pasadena, Calif.

The City

Sir:

Congratulations on one of the most beautiful photo presentations of New York City I have ever seen. The spectacular views in the March 28th issue of *Time* will make every New Yorker even more proud of our great city and will undoubtedly stimulate much visitor travel here by your many other readers in the U.S. and throughout the world.

BERNARD F. GIMBEL

New York City

Sir:

... Thanks for the beautiful pictures and the line:

*Who that has known thee but shall burn
In exile till he come again . . .*

I know, because I moved away and long to get back.

HORTENSE C. WORDEMAN

Hoboken, N.J.

Head of the House

Sir:

... Your story on George Meany, on the history and gains of organized labor in the U.S., and Meany's important part in it [March 21] is good. But there still needs to be a good deal said and written, not for organized labor, whose coffers are filled to overflowing, but for the mass that is not organized. Using 15 million as the A.F.L.-C.I.O. membership, and 45 million not a part of that membership, your figures, gives us a one-fourth and three-fourths ratio.

WALTER J. KROL

Yorkville, N.Y.

Sir:

Time's cover painting of A.F.L.'s George Meany is far from flattering; it is more similar to Leo Durocher questioning the ability of an umpire . . .

MARTIN O'CONNOR

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

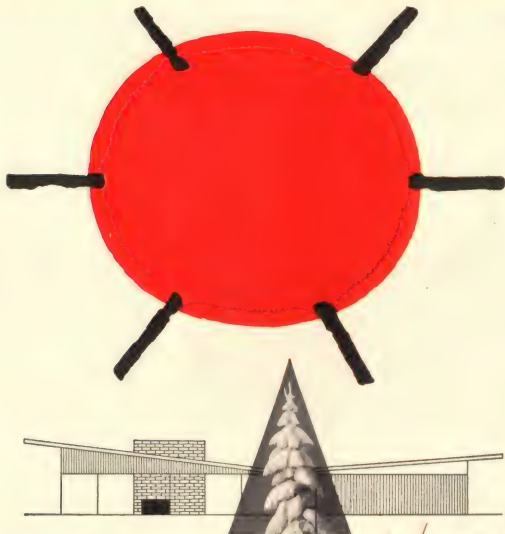
Talk about realism! I took one look at the cover and felt the sensation of Mr. Meany's cigar smoke in my nose . . . Congratulations to Boris Chalapin.

(THE REV.) CHARLES F. UNGER
Clifton, N.J.

Taking Stock of Stock

Sir:

... My sincere appreciation for your Feb. 14 article on the intercollegiate livestock-judging contest at Fort Worth. Those of us



Western **ROLL-BOND**

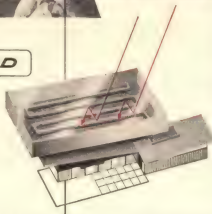
TRADE MARK

**solar heating units
make the sun serve...
all winter long**

Today, cheap, easy hot water heating from the sun's rays is only one of the countless uses for the new Western roll-bonding process that may eventually be used to heat an entire house. The future of roll-bonding is limitless, bounded only by imagination. As an example of another practical present-day use of roll-bonding, one leading refrigerator manufacturer has built over 350,000 refrigerators

using this magical metal method that produces tubes *inside* single homogeneous sheets. Thus tubing and heat wasting welds are eliminated forever. Designs can be produced in

weeks, changed in days. If you have an idea or problem that requires tubes or internal systems, call or write today. We can help you to a fast, simple solution.



Full scale working models of solar heating units utilize the superb heat transfer characteristics of Western roll-bonded metal for the production of hot water. The heat-producing sun's rays are trapped by solar glass and expend their energy on roll-bonded sheets through which water flows. The steaming water is then used as needed.

metals division
OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
EAST ALTON, ILLINOIS

Important news if you have a mortgage on your home!



Your home means more to your family than just a roof over their heads. It's the place where you share your lives together. In a way, it's the heart of your family.

But what if something happened to you? Would your family have to bear the loss of their home, too?

Fortunately, the worry of an unpaid mortgage can be dismissed once and for all by a talk with your Travelers agent.

He will gladly show you how a Travelers Mortgage Insurance Plan makes sure the money is available to pay off the mortgage on your home—even though you're not on hand to meet the monthly payments.

Call your Travelers man for full details of Travelers Mortgage insurance. Or, if you'd simply like more information on this subject, fill in and mail the coupon below.

ONE OF THE LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES

THE TRAVELERS

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Automobile • Casualty • Fire

Please send me further information about Travelers Mortgage insurance.

NAME

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connected with this type of educational training for our young college men and women feel that the story will aid in a very material way in getting this type of agricultural training out to the general public. It will add prestige to the livestock-judging contest work.

RUFUS R. PEEPLES

Superintendent

Student Judging Contests

Tehuacan, Texas

Dusty & Miserable

Sir:

In the review of the motion picture *Blackboard Jungle*, I am intrigued by the pronouncement that "Louis Calhern captures that special look of secret decay that can come from breathing chalk dust for 30 years (March 21)". While I am considerably short of 30 years in high-school service, I have inhaled a great deal of that insidious white stuff which produces "the secret decay." (Laymen may not know that sometimes after a concussion of erasers on the blackboard, the familiar mushroom cloud of dust rises high in the air and results in heavy fall-out many feet from the point of origin.) After a long hard look in the mirror, it seemed obvious at first that I had it. What else could account for the receding hairline, the dewlap under the chin, and all those creases in the old epidermis? Yes, that was it, the secret decay, but still was it not a sort of hallmark of noble craft? ... How about printing a picture of Louis?

H. NORTON JONES

Westfield, Mass.

¶ See cut.—Ed.

Sir:

Your Cinema reviewer owes apologies to the hundreds of thousands of dedicated public-school teachers who plan to go on "breathing chalk dust for 30 years."

ELLIS PAGE

San Diego

Sir:

Personally, if I never see a movie again, I feel my life would progress quite the same ... but why, oh why, write such reviews as *Hit the Deck* (March 14)? ... I don't believe we should claim that the States has only the best of everything; but, please, don't rub it in. Instead of writing a review on a bad movie, set up another section called "Current & Miserable."

SEYMOUR SHWILLER

Major, U.S.A.F.

Brussels

Sir:

I have just read your film critic's review of *One Summer of Happiness* (March 28). I can positively identify him as the man who snores at concerts, crunches popcorn at movies, rattles his program after arriving late at the theater, and carves his initials on monuments.

HERMAN GOLLOB

New York City

Sir:

For about a year and a half I've been following your Cinema reviews, and in this time have seen better pictures than ever before. Your magazine is the only one in which I find reviews that don't sound as if they were written by a Hollywood press-agent ... Your reviewer certainly does a good job—though the puns are sometimes



Stetson Imperial Bantam, Fifteen Dollars

Stetson speaks lightly for Spring

There never was a hat so light and right for Spring as the Stetson Imperial Bantam. Nor has a fur felt ever been so luxuriously mellow and so downright comfortable. It has the famous hand-felted Mode Edge and smartly, patiently styled lines. But there's nothing we can

say that trying it on, and feeling its lightness, can't say better. You'll find it at leading stores everywhere. The price is \$15—little to pay for a hat as fine as the Stetson Imperial Bantam. Other Stetson Hats \$12.95 to \$40. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.

The Stetson "Cushioned to fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

brisk
as an
ocean
breeze!



Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE
LOTION
100
PLUS TAX

It's a pleasure to get to know Old Spice After Shave Lotion. Each time you shave you can look forward to something special: the Old Spice scent — brisk, crisp, fresh as all outdoors . . . the tang of that vigorous astringent — banishes shave-soap film, heals tiny razor nicks. Splash on Old Spice — and start the day refreshed!

Old Spice *Lather or Brushless Shaving Creams* — in handy, giant tubes. Rich, creamy — superior quality. Each 50

Add Spice to Your Life . . . Old Spice For Men

SHULTON New York • Toronto

outrageous—but he apparently realizes that not all those who go to the movies are children or illiterates . . .

ANITA TUR

Newark, N.J.

Grey Day for the Irish

Sir:

That statement Frank Leahy, ex-football coach of Notre Dame, makes in *TIME*, March 21 is the most ridiculous and exaggerated one that I have ever read . . .

JOHN E. GALWAY

Los Angeles

Sir:

Wolfson should have called "signals over" after Quarterback Leahy said, "Louis is one of the cleanest persons I have ever known."

He is really a better person than 95% of the Catholics I have known, and I have known a lot . . . Are we to assume that the faculty at Notre Dame University is in the 95% . . .

J. JUSTIN BLEWITT

Pittston, Pa.

Sir:

I have said on several occasions that Lou Wolfson leads a life that is comparable to 95% of the Catholics I've known. As you can readily see, there is a big difference between this statement and the statement attributed to me. Our press conference room was crowded and noisy; consequently, I can understand why a writer might not have caught all the words accurately. Also, I have never referred to Lou Wolfson as Louis . . . It has always been Lou . . .

FRANK LEAHY

New York City

If Christ Came Back

Sir:

"If Christ Came Back" (*TIME*, March 21) is a shocking revelation of the spiritual poverty of our age. It appears that some clergy and laymen alike think that what Christ will do at His second coming will depend upon His acceptance by TV talent scouts, or "the nod" from some clever politicians. There are hundreds of references in the New Testament to the second coming of Christ . . . This mass of declarative information is open to all; why, then, the unsanctified guesswork in the letters to the *London Daily Sketch*?

THEODORE JEROME

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir:

When one looks about and notes the decadence of contemporary society, it seems a good bet to assume that were He to return He would say: "Nothing truly represents Me."

J. F. HARRINGTON

Chicago

Sir:

Re the *London Daily Sketch's* circulation scheme: if Christ came back, we would happily crucify Him all over again.

GUS FRANZA

1st Lieutenant U.S.A.F.

Scott Air Force Base, Ill.

The House of Davies

Sir:

Thanks for the satirical, entertaining yet appalling article concerning the recent divorce of Marjorie from Joseph E. Davies (*March 21*). The present condition of the world becomes easier to understand when some of the political leaders are unable to keep their own houses in order.

(THE REV.) JOHN W. JOHNSON
Diamond Springs Christian Church
Norfolk, Va.



How to talk to a man who's too busy to listen

HE MAY BE too busy to talk when you call. He can put your letter aside for days. But there's *one* message he won't ignore . . . and that's a *telegram*!

Telegrams wing in with a calculated air of importance. They keep the facts straight and easy to understand. And by giving *urgency* to your message, they get prompt action and results.

So next time, hit your target the quick, sure-fire way. Just use Western Union and *wire* the man!

when it means business
**it's wise
to wire**

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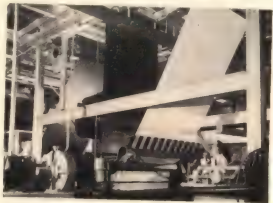
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Plus Advantages



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16

MISCELLANY

Bar Sinister. In Buffalo, Wyo., Pat Behymer filed suit for \$39,000 against Central Bar Owner W. M. Galt, claimed he suffered serious injury when his foot slipped off the brass rail.

Proper Climate. In Tulsa, the Jenkins appliance store filled its display window with air conditioners, watched a blizzard drop temperatures from springlike warmth to a record low for the date, posted an abject apology: "Sorry for the change . . . We left one of those conditioners on over the weekend."

Value Received. In London, after Eddie Hearn beat him on points in eight rounds, Heavyweight Boxer Fred Powell complained bitterly that he had signed for a ten-rounder, persuaded the referee to continue the fight, was knocked out in the tenth round.

Pie in the Sky. In Phoenix, Ariz., police arrested Jimmy Verdugo on suspicion of drunkenness after they found him in a tree and heard his explanation that he was 1) looking for cigarette butts, 2) waiting for a bus, 3) looking for a girl to dance with.

Brand Names. In Long Beach, Calif., a few hours after arresting I. W. Harper for drunkenness, police arrested Motorist Henry Ford for driving without a license.

Customer Follow-Up. In Fort Worth Mrs. Marian Cooper, 22, reported that two years after she had interrupted the sales talk of an unidentified book salesman and driven him away by hitting him on the head with a rolling pin, he had returned, announced: "Well, I've come back," hit Mrs. Cooper on the head with the same rolling pin.

For Art's Sake. In Phenix City, Ala., after the producers of the movie *The Phenix City Story* announced that they were coming to town to film scenes of corruption from the city's sinful past, County Sheriff Lamar Murphy scouted about, found that the state's recent clean-up campaign (TIME, June 28) had left Phenix City clean as a whistle, hastily began importing all the gambling devices he could lay his hands on for movie scenery.

Overbite. In Atlanta, identified as the burglar who robbed the Fordham Pharmacy through the dental plate he dropped on the way out, Walter F. Cooper, 44, remarked disgustedly: "The thing never fit anyway; it was made for me while I was in prison in Missouri."

Darkest California. In Los Angeles, Patrick C. Kimball reported that thieves had broken into his garage, departed with 20 poison-tipped darts, two 8-ft. blowguns and a white man's shrunken head valued at \$500.

TIME, APRIL 11, 1955

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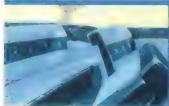
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TIME, APRIL 11, 1955

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

At daybreak one morning, a girl with a bright kerchief over her head walked into the chapel of the Maryknoll mother house near Ossining, N.Y. in the company of a group of black-hooded sisters. Soon, the religious were intent on their missals, following the recital of the Mass, while the visitor slyly tried to peer about without moving her head. The sisters were full of piety; the girl in the kerchief was full of curiosity. She was TIME Researcher Deirdre Mead Ryan, at work on the week's cover story.

burning brush who wisely took along marshmallows for toasting; and the candle-bearing novice who set fire to the veil of another novice in the procession for Compline, the last office of the convent day.

"There was plenty of action," recalled the Novice Mistress with a hearty laugh. One young sister, thinking to wrap a rug around the victim, tried to pull the only rug handy out from under the flaming novice, while another snatched off the veil and stamped on it. "The fire," said the Novice Mistress, "went out, and so did the novice—without her veil."

To study Mother Mary Columba and the Maryknolls, convent-educated Deirdre Ryan visited the mother house from 5:15 a.m. till 9 p.m. daily for three days. She joined the sisters in their devotional, working and recreational periods, and soon saw for herself that convent life is not—in the words of the jest—all tedium and *Te Deum*. There were, for example, the sisters on a work detail clearing stumps and

The story was written by Douglas Auchincloss and edited by Henry Grunwald, both of whom worked on last year's cover stories on the Archbishop of Canterbury and Evangelist Billy Graham. *Laborare Est Orare* is illustrated with color portraits of other women who have entered the monastic life. Here is a warm and human story about women who work and pray.

Cordially yours,

James A. Lunden

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Play fabulous fairways on the championship course at Jasper Park Lodge.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Dangers of Pressure

For three hours, one morning last week, the President of the U.S. sat alone in the White House. He had put aside the time to weigh, personally and privately, the critical situation in Asia and the hard decisions that it may force upon him.

Late in January the Congress, at his request, had passed—almost unanimously—a resolution giving him full authority to use U.S. forces as he saw fit for the defense of Formosa and related territories. The U.S. was committed to defend Formosa and the Pescadores; the open question was what it would do if the Communists attacked the Nationalist-held islands off the China coast, e.g., Matsu and Quemoy. Georgia's Democratic Senator Walter George best summarized the resolution: "It means, in explicit terms, that the decision will be a personal one of the President of the U.S."

That was the way a vast majority of the people's representatives on Capitol Hill wanted it to be. But not everyone was content to leave it that way. Among those who were not was Admiral Robert B. (for Bostwick) Carney, eager Chief of Naval Operations. Apparently aiming to prepare the public, Admiral Carney gave

reporters his off-the-record estimate that the Chinese Communists would probably begin an attack on the offshore islands by the end of April.

The furor that followed brought renewed cries from the political extremists. On the far left, Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse sponsored a resolution in the Senate which would force the President to announce that the U.S. will not defend the offshore islands. At the other political pole, Wisconsin's Senator Joseph McCarthy growled that the President should be forced to announce that the U.S. will defend the islands.

Between these extremes, along with Dwight Eisenhower, stood cooler heads, like Foreign Relations Chairman George. Senator George believed that General Eisenhower had decided what courses he would choose, in varying circumstances. But he agreed wholeheartedly with the President's position that no decision should be announced until the nature of the enemy's attack is known.

Those who sided with the President thought that the uncertainty about U.S. intentions was a lesser evil than the havoc an announcement would create in both strategy and politics. If the President announced his decision, the Communists would have a definite line behind which they would have sanctuary. If the President said that the U.S. will defend the islands, he would immediately be denounced as a warmonger; if he announced the opposite, he would be called an appeaser.

At week's end, Georgia's George summed up the situation with cool wisdom: "I am satisfied that if and when a very big move comes through the islands, the President will have to act. . . . [But] it certainly does not tend to advance the cause of peace or promote stability for the President to be pressured into an announcement. I do not believe it is wise for any group, right or left, to press the President into a statement of rigidity which will leave no flexibility."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Flap

The words that echoed around the world were uttered at a table for twelve in a private dining room of Washington's Sheraton-Carlton Hotel. Admiral Carney had accepted an invitation to dinner from a group of top-level Washington correspondents, and bureau chiefs, who wanted



INTERNATIONAL
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
Reassurance at lunch.

his estimate of the Asian situation, particularly in the light of his recent visit there. Under the accepted ground rules for such Washington "background" conferences—absolutely no attribution to the guest—"Mick" Carney had his say. After the correspondents checked the admiral's statements with some of their other sources in Washington, the stories they wrote exploded into sensational headlines at home and abroad. The world was told that the U.S. officially expected the Chinese Communists to attack the Matsu Islands between April 15 and April 30, and then hit the Quemoy Islands a month or so later.

Within 40 hours the U.S. Navy chief had been identified as the source of the stories, and for four days what he said stood as the U.S. Government's estimate of the Far East situation. Then James Hagerty, the President's news secretary splashed ice water all over the admiral's estimate. At his own "background" dinner with a larger contingent of correspondents Hagerty said that Carney's story did not represent the view of the Eisenhower Administration.

No Crystal Ball. That was where the matter stood at midweek when 217 reporters crowded into the President's news conference. What did Old Soldier Dwight



MORRIS & EWING
ADMIRAL CARNEY
Warnings at dinner.

Eisenhower have to say about the situation in the Formosa Strait?

"None of us," said Ike, "possesses a crystal ball . . . To prophesy when a war is going to break out is to pretend—is to assume that we have an accuracy of information that, I think, has never yet been attained by a country that was to be attacked . . . The risk of war is always with us, and we have got to be vigilant. We have got to be careful . . . I do not believe that the peace of the world, the tranquility of the world, is being served at this moment by talking too much in terms of speculation about such things. I think that is all I have to say about it."

But it was by no means all that the reporters wanted him to say about it. Did he specifically disagree with the proposition that there may be an attack on Matsu shortly after April 15? Replied the President: "I cannot say that there will not, because I don't know. But I do say that if anyone is predicting that it will be that soon, and can give me logical reasons for believing that it will be that soon, they have information that I do not have." Then would Admiral Carney be reprimanded for his remarks? Said the Commander in Chief: "Not by me."

Having thus gently but publicly disagreed with his Navy chief, the President cautioned that the U.S. should follow a policy of "strong patience," should not be in the position of saying, "They are going to attack me today; therefore, I attack them yesterday." Did he think that the U.S. could fulfill its commitment to defend Formosa if Quemoy and Matsu were lost? In his answer, General Eisenhower showed that he is giving serious consideration to the argument that loss of the offshore islands would have a serious effect on anti-Communist morale in Asia. Said he: "[Morale] is a factor that you must

always calculate when you talk about surrendering this place or that place or doing anything else."

Review & Restatement. Having thus dealt with the question publicly, the President turned to an effort to ease some of the congressional indignation caused by the dinners. He lunched on successive days with leaders of the House and of the Senate, both Democrats and Republicans. For the Representatives there was quail hash (from birds sent to Ike by Georgians who were disturbed because he bagged only two on his February hunting holiday there) and for the Senators there was roast pheasant. For both there was a precisely detailed review of the U.S. position in the world by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and a restatement of aim by the President. Said he: "God knows, nobody in the world wants peace more than I do or would do more to get it. You know, nobody can tell me what war is because I've had to give orders which have cost the lives of so many Americans. If there is any way we can maintain peace honorably, I'm going to do it."

But neither the President nor the Secretary of State made any effort to hide the fact that peace may be impossible.

"Hi Mario!"

At the National Press Club last week, Italy's Premier Mario Scelba faced perhaps the most perilous moment of his U.S. tour: question time. As usual, the assembled correspondents tossed some curves to test the visitor's sense of humor. Do daily siestas contribute to Italy's overpopulation? "The question is very pertinent," said Scelba, smiling slightly. "But the siesta is devoted to rest and not to work." The newsmen roared. Then came another: Did Actress Gina Lollobrigida express the official viewpoint in stating

that married women have more sex appeal? "The Italian government," said Scelba dryly, "is favorable to marriage."

Adroit, fast-moving Mario Scelba took the U.S. in his stride. During his state visit to Washington he had an hour-long conference with President Eisenhower, followed by a White House luncheon. He visited Capitol Hill, where he got a standing ovation from the House and Senate conferred with Vice President Richard Nixon and four Cabinet-rank officials, including Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

From Washington, the Premier went on a week-long whirl through New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago (Foreign Minister Gaetano Martino was going to San Francisco and Los Angeles). In Manhattan, where Scelba was welcomed by a cheering crowd, eager reporters pumped his hands and bussed his glowing pink cheeks. Some excavation workers called out: "Hi Mario! Paesani!" In two garment factories Italian-American seamstresses welcomed him with kisses, songs, dances and sentimental weeping. Amidst all the emotion Scelba shed a happy tear or two himself.

This week Premier Scelba is flying home with some personal mementoes (including three honorary doctorates and a silver statuette of the Empire State Building). As a friendly gesture to Italy, the U.S. made available ten tons of heavy water for the Italian atomic-reactor program. More economic aid seemed to be on the way: the International Bank in Washington worked up plans for a \$200 million program of loans to Italy, beginning with some \$60 million this year.

For his part, Scelba repeatedly pledged Italy's friendship and gratitude to the U.S. and allegiance to the ideal of Western unity. Europe's alternatives, he said, are "integration or disintegration." Asked about Italy's attitude on the Far East issue, he replied, simply: "Italy is an ally of the U.S." Scelba promised to use democratic means in dealing effectively with Italy's internal Communist menace. "The Communists are losing," he said. "We are certain that Italy will never become a satellite of Moscow. We are strong and growing stronger. Our great ambition is to win the battle of liberty and democracy—with liberty and democracy."

Fratinité, Réalité

At 48, Maurice Couve de Murville is the youngest French ambassador to come to the U.S. since the late famed Jules Jusserand arrived in 1902. He is also a brilliant diplomat and a candid analyst of his country's political ailments. Last week, in a Manhattan speech, Ambassador Couve de Murville expressed some bluntly realistic thoughts.

"Certainly we Frenchmen know our own weaknesses better, you may be sure, than any outsider. We cannot conceal from ourselves the consequences of our political



PREMIER SCELBA & BROOKLYN YOUNGSTERS
Liberty and democracy through liberty and democracy.

United Press

For news of a major Communist setback in Italy this week, see FOREIGN NEWS.

instability, the insufficient development of our economy, or our weakness in military power. You can depend on our self-criticism. I leave it to you to decide whether we are the only nation suffering from weaknesses."

Despite the political chaos of France the ambassador saw points of strength: "The American press, which is very fond of statistics, has told me that we have had 21 governments since the end of World War II. But during that period, like the



AMBASSADOR DE MERVILLE
Dependable self-criticism.

United States, we have had only one foreign policy."

The ambassador was fully aware of Russia's policy of dividing the West. Although that policy failed to halt German rearmament, he said, "Let us not for a moment doubt that [the U.S.S.R.] will continue her efforts through other means. Let us not be disturbed by it. Let none of us suffer an inferiority complex because of it. Errors of judgment, mistakes in strategy and tactics are not prerogatives only of the Western powers. If the latter remain resolute and united, they can look forward to the future with confidence. . . . To put it bluntly, our very survival is at stake, and the nations of Western Europe know it."

THE PRESIDENCY

And Then the Squirrels

While the President of the U.S. struggled with the problems of war and peace, leaks and counter-leaks, he also had to face squarely the issue of the squirrels. Three squirrels that had been digging at the President's putting green had been trapped by White House groundkeepers and set free in more primeval areas. Although Oregon's Democratic Senator Richard Neuberger had cried out against such inhumanity to defenseless beasts

(TIME, April 4), no one had forced the President to make a public statement on the issue. After he had answered questions on world affairs for nearly half an hour at his news conference last week, a reporter got around to: "Mr. President, how about the squirrels?"

Ike twisted an ear lobe, grinned, broke into a chuckle and said: "Well, I will tell you, I think first you ought to interview the squirrels and find out if anybody is unhappy. I don't see any reason of producing another pressure group until we find out they are really unhappy, with a freedom I would personally dearly love." Before anyone could ask whether that was an announcement that he would not run for re-election, the U.P.'s Merriman Smith shouted, "Thank you, Mr. President," and the conference was over.

Last week the President also:

¶ Signed into law the much debated but unchanged Administration bill extending corporation and excise taxes for another year at present rates.

¶ Signed into law the Administration bill providing \$745 million to give career members of the armed services an immediate average 11% pay increase.

¶ Reduced by \$76 million the Administration request to Congress for Atomic Energy Commission operating funds for the next fiscal year. The Budget Bureau said the cut was possible because of "adjustments," and did not reflect a cut in the atomic-energy program.

¶ Took pains to say "how much I have respected and admired the attitude" of Georgia's Democratic Senator Walter George, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, "in trying to preserve a true bipartisan, unpartisan approach to all our foreign problems."

¶ Breakfasted with a group of Republican women, and lingered after breakfast to get the formula for the beef sausages and beef bacon that had been served, explaining that he might want to make some, some day, on his Gettysburg farm.

¶ Scheduled a vacation to start April 12, when he will fly to Charleston, S.C. to receive an honorary doctor of laws degree from The Citadel, a military college headed by Old Soldier Mark Clark. From Charleston he will fly on to Augusta, where he hopes to stay until April 24 or 25, getting in a few golf rounds with his alternate choices to win the Masters Tournament, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead.

Nothing Sacred

West Virginia's rabble-rousing old (80) Senator Matthew Neely has been advocating a campaign to take off political kid gloves and go after Dwight Eisenhower with brass knuckles. Last week Democrat Neely found a national arena where he could demonstrate what he meant.

In a speech before the United Auto Workers convention in Cleveland, Neely roared that the Eisenhower Administration is the "second everlasting monument to confusion," surpassed only by the Tower of Babel. The President, he acknowledged, was first in war. But he was also

"the first of all Presidents on the golf course and the last to leave it."

Neely reached his lacerating low when he brought up the subject of Eisenhower's religion. "Strange to say," he marveled, "when I look at Monday morning's paper, I see his picture on the front page or some other page telling me that he has been to church on Sunday. When you see that, you will decide that he must have been an apostle, a crusader for the Babe in Bethlehem ever since he was old enough



SENATOR NEELY
Reckless self-incrimination.

to speak or walk or talk. But do you know that he didn't join a church until after he became President of the U.S., and then he joined the church which I joined more than 50 years ago."

"Away with hypocrisy! I don't care what denomination it is. I don't care what color or creed a church is. I denounce a man who tries to parade his religious associations or connections for political purposes. It is ungodly and against the teachings of Scripture. If that is an unreasonable and unfair statement, then you can make the most of it."

As Neely's speech guttered out, the autoworkers gave him a standing ovation. Around the country an angry cry of "foul" rose from editorial pages, rectories and forums. Said the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson, pastor of the President's church: "The religious life of the President is so transparently sincere as to be self-validating." Even low-hitting Senator Joe McCarthy was appalled. "I had thought the day had passed," he said, "when a public servant could be held politically accountable for worshipping God as his conscience directed."

* Ike was brought up in a devout (Brethren in Christ) family, later considered himself a non-sectarian Christian. He was formally baptized in Washington's National Presbyterian Church in a private ceremony two weeks after his inauguration (TIME, Feb. 9, 1953).

THE CONGRESS

Ratification

After three hours and 19 minutes of desultory debate, the U.S. Senate last week ratified the Paris agreements for German rearmament and entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The vote was 76 to 2 (Nevada's Republican Senator George Malone and North Dakota's Republican Senator William Langer).

Last week the Congress also:

¶ Voted House of Representatives approval of a \$694 million Agriculture Department appropriation bill (\$100 million more than the Administration requested) and of a \$5.8 billion Independent Offices (e.g., the Veterans Administration) appropriations bill.

¶ Received from Missouri's Republican Representative Thomas B. Curtis a proposal to amend the Constitution so as to limit the consecutive service of Senators and Representatives to twelve years. Explained Curtis, who is now in his third term: "There are very few Congressmen who come down to Washington with the thought in mind beyond serving a few terms . . . They simply get caught in a fascinating rut."

¶ Issued new visitors' cards setting forth the rules for House gallery behavior, e.g., men must take their hats off, note-taking is not permitted (except in the press section), and visitors should not lean over the railings.

¶ Raged, in the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, after Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen sent word that his aides could be interviewed by subcommittee staff members only in the presence of either Stassen or his lawyers. Cried North Carolina's Democratic Senator Sam Ervin—of Stassen: "What meat doth this Caesar eat, that he hath grown so great?" Growled Joe McCarthy: Stassen's stand was "the most unheard of thing I have seen."

¶ Packed up, in both the House and the Senate, for a two-week vacation over the Easter period.

THE ATOM

Keeping a Pledge

Sixteen months ago the President of the U.S. left a Big Three conference in Bermuda and flew to New York, where he made a memorable promise to the United Nations Assembly: "The United States pledges before you—and therefore before the world—its determination to help solve the fearful atomic riddle—to find the way by which the miraculous inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death, but consecrated to his life." To back up his words, Dwight Eisenhower made a concrete offer of nuclear materials to an international agency designed to develop peaceful uses of the atom.

This week Ambassador Morehead Patterson, U.S. representative at international atomic-energy negotiations, and president of the American Machine & Foundry Co., speaking before an atomic industrial forum

in San Francisco, was to report on what the U.S. has done to carry out its atom-for-peace pledge.

The U.S. is now in the process of working out bilateral agreements under which it will supply some atomic material and information to Great Britain, Canada, Belgium, Italy and other countries. Some of the agreements should be ready to go to Congress for approval this summer. Something is also "ready to pop," according to Patterson, in the U.N., where the U.S. has been trying to create an international agency for peacetime development of the atom, in spite of vigorous Soviet non-cooperation.

The areas where atomic power is most needed are those with the least industrial and technical development. This is the main limiting factor on international atomic-power development. The U.S. has already begun training programs for foreign students, who can go back to their



AMBASSADOR PATTERSON
To solve a fearful riddle.

own countries and spread the nuclear know-how required to run atomic reactors. At present, 31 students from 19 nations are attending a reactor training school in Chicago, and 32 students from abroad have signed up for a special course in radioisotope techniques to be held at Oak Ridge next month. In addition, the U.S. has assembled technical libraries of nuclear information, each with 45,000 index cards. Japan, Italy and France have already received such libraries, and other nations will soon get them.

Patterson's conclusion: "This then is a thumbnail sketch of our program for 1955, a program directed mainly toward spreading information throughout the world, toward developing technical know-how in all countries, and toward creating the first ties between ourselves and other countries, which will lead to broader cooperation as their programs build up."

LABOR

"Right to Work"

The nation's hottest labor issue is not being fought on picket lines or in Washington. It is being fought in state legislatures over bills and laws to ban union-shop and maintenance-of-membership contracts. Such laws, generally called "right to work" laws by legislators and "right to scab" laws by union men, are now on the books of 18 states. Utah's was enacted this year; the other 17 are in the eleven Southern states, plus Arizona, Iowa, Nebraska, Nevada and the two Dakotas.

Last week Kansas scored a near miss in almost becoming the 19th. Its legislature passed a "right to work" bill, but Republican Governor Fred Hall vetoed it. Noting the efforts of some lobbyists and legislators to pit farmers against the bill, he said: "America is essentially a classless country. Those who would put one group of people against another to make it otherwise, are doing their country a great disservice." The state house of representatives voted 78-44 to override, but that was six short of the two-thirds needed.

Freedom v. Free-loading. In their all-out campaign to block new "right to work" laws and repeal existing ones, labor unions are backed by many church leaders, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. The laws' supporters are management groups and Chambers of Commerce eager to attract new industry into their localities. In the South, the supporters are Democrats; elsewhere they are mostly Republicans. Main argument for outlawing the union shop: workers who do not wish to join a union are coerced by contracts requiring them to do so or lose their jobs. Main argument against: under the federal Taft-Hartley Act, unions represent whole groups, members and non-members, and laws forbidding union-shop contracts encourage "free-loaders," who pay no union dues.

Attempts to repeal "right to work" laws have been knocked down in four states this year, but by close margins, e.g., 46-61 in the Iowa house and 14-16 in the Tennessee senate. The governors of Tennessee and Iowa, Democrat and Republican respectively, urged repeal. Two states, New Hampshire and Delaware, which adopted "right to work" laws in 1947, repealed them in 1949. Such bills have been defeated this year in Massachusetts (by a house vote of 190-2), Maryland and Idaho, and other legislatures where they have been introduced are viewing them with jaundiced eyes.

Politics v. Propriety. Last December, Labor Secretary James Mitchell came out flatly against "right to work" laws, which, he said, "make it impossible for an employer to bargain collectively with a majority of his employees about the security of his union." President Eisenhower said that that was Mitchell's opinion, which he had a right to express. Ike expressed no opinion of his own, except that the proprieties of state v. federal authority in that area present a "dilemma."

Governor Hall took a much stronger

stand last week. Declared he: "The Republican Party never has been, is not now and cannot be an anti-labor party any more than it can be an anti-farm or anti-business party."

POLITICAL NOTES

The Scout Leader

The most imposing feature of the Kansas City (Mo.) landscape is a Boy Scout leader named Harold Roe Sturdyvant Bartle, who weighs 282 lbs. and is outsized only by his own voice. As the salaried head of the area's Boy Scout Council, and as a businessman (he is a member of 17 boards of directors), part-time lawyer, landlord (he has an interest in a Caracas, Venezuela apartment project), farmer and cattleman (he owns 5,000 acres in Missouri and Oklahoma), educator (he was president of Missouri Valley College at Marshall), civic leader and public speaker (some 200 speeches a year at fees ranging up from \$1,000), Bartle is all over the place. Last week Kansas citizens bowed to the inescapable they elected H. Roe Bartle mayor.

Bartle's opponent was Berl Berry, who bills himself as the world's largest Lincoln-Mercury dealer. Berry's style of living became the main issue of the campaign. Noting that Berry was promising lower taxes, Roe Bartle roared: "I have seen his lovely master bedroom with the especially designed bed ten feet wide and ten feet long. If a man can enjoy his night's rest in a bed of that type, he ought to be willing to pay more taxes than those of us who have to sleep in ordinary beds. If he desires to bathe in a Roman bath like the Caesars of old, he should have the opportunity of paying a few more pennies in taxes for that privilege." In pained tones Berl Berry replied that Bartle had been a guest in his home and



KENTUCKY'S CHANDLER & VOTERS
Memories of Jackie Robinson.

had abused his hospitality by taking notes on the furnishings.

Berry ran as an independent candidate. Bartle's chief support came from the powerful, nonpartisan Citizens Association, which swept the Pendergast machine out of the City Hall in 1940, has been busily reforming Kansas City ever since. But in his winning (by a 2-10-1 vote) effort, H. Roe Bartle also had the endorsement of the Pendergast organization, now led by James Pendergast, the nephew and pale shadow of old Tom—who did not favor Boy Scout leaders for public office.

Happy Days

In the Kentucky mountain town of Hazard one day last week, an old coal miner walked up to a minor commotion on the sidewalk and stuck out his hand. "I hear you're running for governor," he said to the grinning, greying man in the center of the crowd, Albert Benjamin Chandler, 56, clutched the miner's hand and encircled his waist with a powerful left arm. "The rumor's out, is it?" he said. "Well, I'm trying to spread it."

Three-Year Warmup. Since February 1932, "Happy" Chandler, onetime governor of Kentucky (1935-39), Senator (1939-45) and high commissioner of baseball (1945-51), had been beating his drum and pinning on Happy buttons from the Cumberlands to the Purchase. "I've covered every town in this state," he says, "some of them several times." Already he has campaign managers lined up in 91 of Kentucky's 120 counties, although the Democratic primary is not until Aug. 6, and the "official" pre-primary campaigns will not get under way until May, the week after the Derby.

Reason for Happy's three-year warmup: he is bucking the Democratic machine of Governor Lawrence Wetherby. As of last week most Wetherby Democrats were privately admitting that Chandler had a big head start. But after the machine got

warmed up, they promised, the campaign would be a real race. Last week in Louisville, Judge Bert Combs, the machine's candidate, opened his headquarters and began to chase Chandler around the state. In Bloomfield he strolled into Virgin's Restaurant and was greeted by the proprietress. "Well," she said, "is this our next governor?"

"Well," twanged Combs, "I'm running, anyhow. I don't agree that I'm not as good a campaigner as Chandler. I'm just not a noisy campaigner."

Clutches & Kisses. Happy was certainly noisy enough. When a Hazard voter suggested some songs, Happy was agreeable. "You git us a git-tar," he said, "and we'll have a singing today." A past master at glad-handing, Chandler greeted all constituents as "Brother," or "Honey," glibly filled in the proper names as his local frontmen supplied them: "Good to shake your hand, Mrs. Lewis. You know my daughter married a Lewis, honey. Say hello to Mr. Lewis for me." Whenever possible, he applied the personal touch: a fervent handclasp, an embrace, a clutched arm, a kiss.

Unfortunately for Happy, there were a couple of ghosts plaguing his trail, along with Combs. Although he is endorsed by the state A.F.L. and the Louisville C.I.O. Council, Happy's labor record does not look good to Washington C.I.O. headquarters, which has sent a man into Kentucky to try to get the labor leaders to rescind their endorsement. Then there is the Negro problem: in 1948 Happy's newspaper, the *Woodford Sun*, endorsed Strom Thurmond for the presidency. Happy blames his editor for the endorsement and invokes the shade of Jackie Robinson ("I put him in business") with every Negro he meets. But the Dixiecrat label sticks, and the Negro voters are far from Happy.

In spite of such ghosts Chandler is winning friends and weaning away machine politicians all over Kentucky. "You can



William Humphrey, Kansas City Star
KANSAS CITY'S BARTLE
Pennies for the Roman bath.

rationalize being for somebody else," said the Louisville *Courier-Journal's* political columnist, Allan M. Trout, "but it's an emotional thing, being for Happy." A case in point was old T. O. Turner, a onetime state senator, who worked fervently for his favorite candidate until February, when he died. At his own final request Turner was buried with his Happy button on his lapel.

INVESTIGATIONS

Out of a Man's Past

Seattle newspapers ran headlines when gentlemanly John Stenhouse, chairman of the suburban Mercer Island school board, last month told a congressional hearing that had summoned him as a witness: "I was a member of the Communist Party." For two painful hours Stenhouse, 47, related the story of his past. The son of a British trader, he had worked at the family business in China until the war, then

"Throw Him Out!" The House Un-American Activities Subcommittee was not especially interested in the story that it had drawn from Stenhouse. The committee moved on, but that was not the end of the story for John Stenhouse or the 9,000 people of Mercer Island, a pleasant place (connected to Seattle by a mile-long floating bridge) where he settled with his wife and two daughters in 1951. There had ended his groping for roots. He built a simple, cedar-sided house among the madroña trees, opened an insurance agency in the business district. He was ending his second year in the unpaid and honored job of school-board chairman (supervising the island's three schools, with 52 teachers and 1,350 pupils) when the story of his Communist past broke.

Mercer Island divided bitterly over Stenhouse. Three of his four fellow board members called on him to resign. "Personally," he said, "I'd rather resign and crawl into a hole somewhere." Late last

spect what he has come to be in the present." Stenhouse spoke last at the school-house meeting. "I realize I made a mistake," he said. "I believe we have the power to show people throughout the world that we have a better way than the Communists."

By last week John Stenhouse, one of the 750,000 mostly anonymous Americans who at some time in their lives joined the Communist Party, had made his decision. For the time being at least, he was going to stick it out on Mercer Island and on the school board. "In the long run," he said, "I suppose this is just one of those things you have to live out."

WEATHER

Big Duster

Stagnant air hung heavy and ominous over the parched plains last week. Then a cold front hit, and the year's worst duster began to blow. Winds up to 70 m.p.h. whipped across 120,000 square miles of the Southwest dust bowl, and the earth boiled into black clouds 20,000 feet high in the sky. The dust was so thick that dawn came invisibly: when rain began to fall, tiny mud balls pelted the town of Guymon, Okla. Schools closed, stores shut down, and thousands of farm families listened tensely at their radios as their lands and livelihoods blew away.

"When a blow like this hits," said a county agent in southeast Colorado, "the whole sky turns brown like the smoke from a great prairie fire. Everything is horizontal, and the dust is everywhere like scorched flour. The cattle are bunched with their tails to the winds. Sometimes it gets so bad that mud balls form on the animals' noses and eyes, and birds and animals are choked to death. I've seen hawks downed by the dusters. The lights go on at noon, and the wind whips out grain and grass and fences, and the tumbleweeds fly like they were jet-propelled."

The wind even picked up small stones. "Duster?" croaked a dry-throated farm wife. "This one throwed rocks at us." One state farm official reported: "I've lived in the so-called dust bowl since 1907, and I've never seen it in the condition it is in now." Explained Texas Conservationist Henry N. Smith: "It isn't so much what this one storm did—it's that this one came on top of five years of trouble."

Five years of drought have dried up some 250,000 square miles centering on the Texas-Oklahoma panhandles and stretching into Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. In places the underground water table has dropped below the disastrous levels of the 1930s. The drought has left more than 18 million acres "in condition to blow": since November alone, dust storms have damaged 7,000,000 acres, and this week another heavy duster blew up. In Colorado 26 counties have already been classified disaster areas.

"The little guy is running out of soil and money," warned Conservationist



Harvey Davy—Seattle Post-Intelligencer

EX-COMMUNIST STENHOUSE (STANDING) & NEIGHBORS

Two hours threatened the roots.

fled with his American-born wife to Los Angeles, where he tried to sell Chinese antiques. When his business failed, he became a machinist, got into war production—and into bad company. "We had no friends," he said, trying to explain. "We groped to get roots."

Led by Communists in his union, the United Auto Workers, he joined party discussion groups. "They seemed," he said, "to be people like myself." He signed a party card ("It had long, patriotic slogans"), and when he got a Washington job in Henry Wallace's Commerce Department, he went to "three or five" more meetings. In 1946 he quit the party. "The changing time was impressing itself on me," he said, "and I felt those people were going off on entirely the wrong track, excusing the Soviet Union and criticizing the U.S."

month some 250 islanders thronged to a meeting in the Mercer Crest School to discuss the issue. As Stenhouse listened, 38 of his neighbors spoke varying opinions. "Let's rise on our hind legs and throw him out!" cried one. "Our American schools must be kept free of even a suspicion that they may be guided along Communist lines," said a local veterans' leader.

"Let Us Judge . . ." But mostly, the people of Mercer Island wanted Stenhouse to stay despite the record disclosed by the House Subcommittee's visit. "We urge," said a spokesman for the county Young Republicans, "that individuals who have made candid and complete disclosures be given every fair consideration." Pleaded a doctor: "Let us judge a man for what he is and not for what he has been. Let us cherish a man's right to his past and re-

Smith. In Burlington, Colo. Banker Leland Reinecker reported "Most of the farmers lost money last year. Another year of drought will be disastrous." But this time no swarming migration from the dust bowl has developed; most farmers are gritting the dust between their teeth, grimly plowing their land deep with soil-saving techniques and praying for rain.

No single rainy day can restore the water level and end the drought; it takes months and perhaps years. The dust-bowl dwellers, said Editor Fred Betz of Lamar, Colo., "know that the had has to be taken with the good, and that this will pass and they will still be alive and solvent." A nearby farmer who lost most of his wheat last year and his entire crop last week, muttered: "It's a terrible thing. All we can do is try to hang on."

CRIME

The Solid Gold Cad

Familiar to song and story down the ages is the wastrel scion of a fortune-making family. Minot Jelke does not quite fit the type. In him, the entrepreneurial strain that made millions out of oleomargarine for his grandfather had not quite died out. Mickey, who stood to inherit \$3,000,000 by the time he reached 30 and whose mother supplied him with ample cash, was not content to be a plain young rake; ambition led him to capitalize his vices in pimping.

In the wastrel tradition Mickey shunned work, churned around Manhattan in a powder-blue Cadillac, carried a revolver, kept a bulging file of erotic photographs in his apartment, and lived it up expensively in the glossy glades of café society. So far, so bad. But Mickey couldn't leave it at that. He found employment as a salesman of a commodity he knew a lot about: girls.

Two years ago police surprised him in his apartment with a lush blonde (he later married her) and began to snoop through his address books. They charged him with procuring. The first Jelke conviction (TIME, March 9, 1953) was reversed, not because the appellate court found any fault with the verdict but because Judge Francis L. Valentine, trying to avoid press exploitation of the gamy details, had barred reporters and the public from the trial. The new trial was wide open. Once more Judge Valentine was on the bench, and Call Girl Pat Ward, only 21, retold her sordid idyl of life with Mickey.

Nothing Improper? Before they met, Pat (formerly Sandra Wisotsky) already knew a lot about life. When she was 16, she passed out in the apartment of a friend, after an evening of drinking. When she woke up, she was pregnant. After the baby came, she began to drift horizontally toward café society. When she was 18, on one momentous night, she ran into Jelke. It was sex at first sight. That night Pat moved into Mickey's apartment.

In those tender days, Pat recalled,



PIMP JELKE
So far, so bad.

Associated Press

Mickey took her to dinner at his mother's, gave her a ring and told her to stick around until May, when his brother would inherit some money, and he could borrow \$20,000. "Then," Pat testified, "he said we could be married, and his wife would not have to live in an unbecoming style." But Pat wanted to get married right away, and suggested that they both get jobs and live "even in a cold-water flat." Mickey was horrified. "I couldn't allow my wife to live that way," he said. Instead, he suggested that Pat take up prostitution for a while. Pat didn't like the idea, but when Mickey assured her that "there was nothing improper about it," she agreed to help him out.



N. Y. Daily Mirror—Interviews
CYCLIST WARD
Sex at first sight.

She did very well indeed. In five months, by her own reckoning, she made between \$10,000 and \$15,000 by renting herself, at \$50 to \$100 a date, to Mickey's well-heeled acquaintances. She could not remember exactly how many men she had accommodated, but there were always plenty of wolves at the door. Mickey handled the money. Between dates, Pat testified, life was pretty routine: "I got up around 2, then we would make the rounds of nightclubs, and later go to after-hours places." When Mickey left on a trip to Florida, he farmed Pat out to Erica Steel, a sometime madam. Jelke's executive order to Erica: "Keep her busy." Then Pat and Mickey broke up. On the witness stand Pat, invoking the Fifth Amendment, refused to say whether she had worked as a prostitute in New York after Jelke ditched her.

Pat was followed on the stand by four other call girls and one erstwhile madam, most of them reluctant to repeat their stories in public. The most unusual witness, however, was Richard Short, an ex-convict, thief, he-doxo and convicted pimp. Short once went to Jelke, he said, to get some customers for his fourth wife, Prostitute Pat Thompson. Mickey helpfully supplied the telephone number of one Ben Lewis, an old friend of Pat Ward's. "Mickey told us Lewis was a high roller, likely to go to \$500 or more if a girl treated him right."

"Walking-Around Money." Short told how he had helped Mickey think of a new name for Marguerite Cordova, a Puerto Rican half-check girl who wanted Mickey to be her pimp. They decided on "Marie Corday," since Cordova "sounded too Spanish for the upper crust." Pat Thompson paid all his household bills, Short explained, and gave him \$300 a week "walking-around money." Didn't that amount to male prostitution? asked Assistant District Attorney Anthony Liebler. "Well," snorted Short, "I'm a pretty good cook, too."

After ten days of testimony the trial ended last week in a frenzy of name-calling. George Washington Herz, Jelke's attorney, characterized Pat Ward as a "Fifth Amendment prostitute with crocodile tears." Jelke, he said, was just a "little toy poodle." Prosecutor Liebler had another word for him: "Jelke's a male madam; that's what he is!" When the jury came in with a guilty verdict, Mickey, who is now 25, turned as white as lard: he faces a maximum sentence of 40 years in the penitentiary. But with luck and good behavior he will probably be out in plenty of time to collect his inheritance, due in 1960. Other punishment has already been visited upon him: he has served 6½ months in the workhouse for unlicensed possession of deadly weapons, and his name has dropped out of the *Social Register*. As for Pat, she was dropped out of café society and dropped in on the leather-jacket set. While the jury was pondering Mickey's fate, Pat had a couple of Scotchies at a Tenth Avenue saloon and went motorcycling with an old friend.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

SCIENCE AND RELIGION MUST JOIN IF WORLD IS TO SURVIVE H-BOMB

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSIONER

THOMAS E. MURRAY, in BETTER HOMES & GARDENS:

MAN now can make weapons capable of reducing the world to the primitive conditions of the time of Cain and Abel. He even has, within the range of his grasp, means to completely exterminate the human race. Today, scientists can make a good educated guess as to the number of [bombs] needed for total world catastrophe—to scatter to the four winds, in a matter of seconds, the civilization it has taken man so many centuries to put together. No wonder some ask, "Are we not playing with things that belong to God?" The concerted, atheistic threat against all we hold dear has increased and grown bolder in the ratio that the hydrogen bomb has surpassed the rifle. We, in turn, must remain armed to the teeth to contain that threat.

I believe that God meant us to find the atom. Admittedly, we are wrestling with the greatest alteration in man's relation with Nature since the upheaval at the time of the Garden of Eden. But his fundamental relation with God has not changed one whit. The same trial that tested the first man in Eden, and every man since, challenges us in the atomic problem. It is the exercise of choice, the dangerous freedom to use God-given power for good or ill. I do not mean for a moment that science is wrong, but only man's worship of it. Surely, a part of our duty, the effect of the primal urge implanted by our creator, is to discover more and more of the world we live in. But science can give man mastery only over matter. It never reaches ultimates.

I greatly fear one thing. If men will not clothe the bare framework of science with the warm garments of true humanism, they will end up by making machines their god and mathematics their only dogma. The rising paganism of the western world will make our civilization cold as interstellar spaces, ruthless as the atoms which smash each other.

Against our fears, I oppose a great hope. The physical discoveries, which have shaken the spiritual faith of some men, are also shaking the philosophic foundations of materialism. I have noticed a new, extremely encouraging disposition on the part of some leading nonreligious scientists. They are beginning to acknowledge that the concept of divine creation should no longer be dogmatically excluded from rational speculation about the origin of the universe. To my mind, there are today startling possibilities for a religious breakthrough into the secular mind. The time is ripening for a marriage of religion and science.

THE EXPERTS

The fact is, atomic bombs are dangerous only because some atomic men cannot be trusted. Our crisis today comes from man's greed and will to power, his refusal to submit to reason. As Christians, we must hope that in the Kremlin's dictatorial mind there can eventually be sown some small measure of skepticism as to the value of the barren earth which any atomic war would bring. We must pray for that, with our lips and with the example of holy lives.

I have been especially surprised to see that the unbelievers among scientists sometimes seem more concerned for the peace than those of us who believe the peacemakers are blessed. It is not their excess of good will, but rather their sharp knowledge of what nuclear war would do to this planet. Therefore, if one does hope to be blessed as a peacemaker this critical year of 1955, he must grasp the facts of atomic

life. The American public cannot "leave it to the experts." In this cosmic drama, the bald truth is that there are no experts. It is not enough to be merely a technician. For unless the technician in some small way is enamored of the idea of becoming a saint, he will fall short of success. He will not only exemplify the definition given by one learned educator who called the mere technician "a man who understands everything about his job except its ultimate purpose and its ultimate place in the order of the universe."

No, the essential ingredient to atomic survival is a broad base of informed and interested civilians. It is the only way in which we can cope with the immoral fatalism that considers war "inevitable"—with the folly that professes unconcern over man's darkest threat. Surely, these ostrich attitudes are like the frivolity of those who deny the reality of hell by refusing to think about it. Perhaps the secrecy with which we have guarded certain especially sensitive areas of atomic information contributes to this apathy. But the extent of this secrecy is greatly exaggerated; it is more an alibi for than an explanation of our abandonment of the normal functioning of public opinion. The fact is, the greatest atomic decisions must come from the heart and the soul, not the skilled brain that comprehends a cyclotron.

ATOMS ABROAD

We face a problem that calls for a heart-and-soul solution. Here we have a technology and industrial capability that are unsurpassed, a pool of brilliant scientists who could accelerate the development of atomic power. Overseas are "have-not" nations which desperately need that power now, but which may never enjoy it if they must first acquire the technical skills and supporting industries to produce their own reactors. Shall we fail them? Shall we say, "We could have atomic electric power if we wanted it. But, unlike you people, we don't really need it today, and so its development can wait for economic and financial forces to move it ahead." Actually, though we are investigating many different reactor types, there is only one operating reactor in the United States today! I very much fear that if we fail to push a broad, vigorous program in this field, we will be accused of following a "dog in the manger" policy. I fear even more to consider the consequences if the U.S.S.R. should win the industrial-power race. Certainly, the price tag for nuclear-power reactors would be very high, with the purchasers surrendering their birthrights and civil liberties as the down payment. What a tragedy if world leadership in reactors fell into Soviet hands by our spiritual default.

I do not mean to speak in tones of careless reassurance as one sometimes does to a child. For all you and I know, it may be the incomprehensible and inscrutable will of God to make the twentieth century "closing time" for the human race.

But we do know from the law He implanted in us that we have a personal obligation to use the normal means to stay alive as long as possible. Our nation and the human race have an inescapable duty to the Almighty to avoid an ending of this civilization until God's good time. Once, a wise and simple man named Francis was hoeing in his garden. Someone asked, "If an angel appeared to tell you, Francis, that tonight you are to die, what would you do?" And St. Francis very calmly said, "Keep on hoeing in the garden." With all its tremendous complications, with the very future of the human race at stake, our atomic agony comes down to this. We keep on hoeing and await God's will.

GREAT BRITAIN

Over to Anthony

All of Britain seemed to accept the news as the day grew near. What no one said officially, all seemed unofficially agreed upon: barring some unforeseen change, one day this week 80-year-old Sir Winston Churchill will proffer his resignation to his young Queen. Thus, after 52 years in the House of Commons, 28 years a Minister, Sir Winston will take leave of the post to which he has added such luster. In his place his faithful lieutenant, Sir Anthony Eden, will be summoned to kiss the Queen's hands.

A strike of electricians had closed down London's dailies on the eve of the biggest British story of the year. Deprived of their newspapers, Britons became rumor-happy, seizing at stories such as one that had Churchill saying, as an excuse for staying on: "Surely Anthony could not take over without a headline?"

In this strange twilight of acceptance and uncertainty, the emotional impact of Churchill's leaving was yet to be felt. Until the word was official and irrevocable, the nation held back its full measure of tribute for the man who was by common consent the greatest Englishman of the 20th century. But there was no one unmindful of the unrolling calendar of events.

April 4: The Queen and Philip take dinner at 10 Downing Street with the Churchills, a rare royal gesture.

April 5: Churchill visits the Queen.

April 12: Sir Winston leaves by commercial airline for a two-week vacation in Sicily, and will be away during the presentation of the British budget on April 19, one of the classic "occasions" in the House of Commons.

His Bounden Duty. M.P.s bombarded Churchill with searching questions in the House. "The future is veiled in obscurity," he replied to Laborite Willie Warbey. "I should not like to plunge too deeply into this afternoon." His conduct implied, however, that Sir Winston at last had accepted the view that it is his bounden duty, to his country and his party, to let the younger man take over. Asked if he would urge a conference on Formosa, he deferred to his successor: "I doubt if anyone in the whole world has worked as hard as the Foreign Secretary to steer this matter out of the danger area."

Another day, when he moved a motion for a public monument to his old Liberal friend, World War I Prime Minister David Lloyd George, Churchill spoke with such feeling that the House had the impression that he was applying the valediction to himself. "Fity and compassion lent [him] their powerful wings. He knew the terror with which old age threatened

the toiler . . . He stood, when at his zenith, without a rival."

Only once during the week did the old man speak of the future as though he might still share it. Warned by the news that Washington, as well as London and Paris, in principle favors Big-Power talks, he revived his favorite proposal for "a top-level meeting, without agenda . . . [with] the agreements of heads of governments recorded in broad and simple terms." But Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden publicly overruled Churchill on the subject. Asked if Big-Power talks would be held at the highest level, Eden said



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL
"The future is veiled in obscurity."

flatly, "No, sir." He and the Foreign Office, like President Eisenhower and the U.S. State Department, favor talks among the ambassadors first, then at the Foreign Ministers' level "and possibly at other levels also, if all goes well."

Man of Authority. M.P.s were quick to detect a new note of calm authority in Sir Anthony's voice. The same tone came through, even more conspicuously, at a Tory fund-raising rally held in the coal-mining town of Newcastle (pop. 290,000). The Tories were riding high as the results of local elections came pouring in from London and the neighboring counties. The vote for the London County Council, which Labor has dominated since 1934, cut back the Socialist majority from 55 to 22. Sensing a swing to the right, the result of Britain's prosperity and the

quarrels within the Labor Party, Newcastle's Tories were confident that a British general election lay just around the corner, possibly at the end of May. They greeted Sir Anthony as if the campaign had already begun.

Eden and his smartly dressed wife Clarissa took their seats on a festooned platform. Three thousand Tory voices were raised in the booming hymn *Land of Hope and Glory*. Facing the Edens was a bank of red carnations spelling the initials A.E.; all around were campaign banners proclaiming a desperate search for any quotable clichés that Eden had ever uttered: "A nationwide property-owning democracy"; "Open covenants secretly arrived at."

In a speech that was in effect a review of his accomplishments as Foreign Secretary, Eden's manner showed all the assurance and authority of a man who makes the final decisions on British policy, and who had no ban-the-H-bomb nonsense in him. "The leaders of the Soviet Union," Eden said, "believe themselves destined to hasten the collapse of our free civilization . . . But it may well be that even the [H-] bomb can help to keep peace. I want you to think this over carefully. Is it not a deterrent?"

When Eden sat down, the Tories started singing *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, "and so say all of us." The cheers had in them the warmth of anticipation.

Pie for Nye

Not even Diogenes had a tougher task than the special committee of the Labor Party appointed to find "assurances as to the future conduct" of rebellious Aneurin Bevan. But unpredictable Nye himself did what he could to make their job easier. He was haled before the committee last week for a 20-minute confrontation that was marred only by a few heated exchanges with his arch-rival, Hugh Gaitskell. Nye, who like many of his Welsh constituents once lived sparsely on bread and dripping (grease), now ate humble pie with a relish. He apologized deeply to Party Leader Clement Attlee "for any pain I may have caused him," and begged the committee "for nothing more than the opportunity to serve our party under his leadership." So reassuring were his words that next day the party executive decided, by a vote of 16 to 7, not to kick Nye out of the party after all, though it warned him of "drastic action against any future violations of party discipline."

With a general election in the offing, everybody agreed that the time had come to turn their guns on the Tories instead of on one another, and while the battle was on, to look as much as possible like an organized, uniformed army that knows where it is going and who is in command.



FAMILY PORTRAIT. taken at turn of century, shows a pensive young Anthony (held by sister Marjorie) with his mother and three brothers, William Nicholas, John and Timothy.



AT BIG THREE NEGOTIATIONS in Paris, during 1954 Indo-China crisis, he is greeted at the Hôtel de Matignon by French Premier Mendès-France and U.S. Secretary of State Dulles.



WORLD WAR I CAPTAIN with King's Royal Rifles was gassed and won Military Cross.



SIR ANTHONY EDEN: The Man Who Waited

WHEN Sir Anthony Eden takes over as Prime Minister of Great Britain, he will be, at 57, one of the youngest of the world's political leaders, but by no means a youngster in the long roster of British Prime Ministers.* Anthony Eden has aged considerably since his gall bladder operations in 1953, but despite his silver-grey hair, tired eyes and furrowed forehead, he still wears a boyish air. Yet, when Dwight Eisenhower was an army major in the Philippines, Khrushchev an obscure bureaucrat, Nehru a revolutionary in jail and Mao Tse-tung an outlaw in the Shensi hills, the youthful Mr. Eden was parleying at the summit with Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

Born to Rule. Thirty years an M.P., twelve a Cabinet minister, he is Britain's best-informed diplomat, its most seasoned negotiator. Yet his career has been a narrow one that lacks the human breadth of a Churchill's, a Truman's, or an Eisenhower's. Eden has seldom strayed beyond the polished confines of Westminster and Whitehall, and his public sense does not derive from an easy personal acquaintance with the common man. Far more, it is an inbred instinct, the product of Eden's membership in that unique class of Englishmen who are bred to rule.

The Edens come of Norman stock, and as far back as the 15th century one lusty Robert de Eden carved out a fiefdom close to the Scottish border. Charles II made Sir Robert Eden a baronet in 1672. The family, though seldom conspicuous, won acceptance in the gilded circle of the aristocracy through its large landholdings and its far-flung marriage alliances. Through his mother, Sybil Frances Grey, Sir Anthony is connected with the Earls of Westmoreland, and the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk. His young second wife, Clarissa, is the niece of Sir Winston Churchill.

The Eden family seat for 400 years was Windlestone Hall, a porticoed ocher pile surrounded by lawns, lake and a line of wind-blown beeches, 254 miles north of London. Anthony Eden was born there in June 1897, the third son of irascible Sir William Eden, an eccentric country gentleman who detested children and barking dogs with equal enthusiasm. At Eton, Anthony played a straight bat and pulled a respectable oar; then, like so many of Britain's public-school boys of his day, he went off to fight in Flanders.

Lost Generation. Of the 28 members of Eden's Middle Fourth at Eton, nine were killed. With them died the flower of a generation, including two of Eden's brothers, Timothy and

* The young Pitt became George III's Prime Minister at 24.



CONSERVATIVE M.P. won first seat in Commons in 1923 Warwick by-election.



FOREIGN SECRETARY resigned to protest appeasement of Hitler.



WITH CHURCHILLS, he poses at 10 Downing Street after 1952 wedding to their niece Clarissa.

Nicholas.* Anthony, who joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps, at 19 became the youngest adjutant in the British army. In the mud of Ypres, he crawled out under the wire and brought back a wounded sergeant under a hail of German fire. He won Britain's Military Cross. Part of his subsequent appeal to the British electorate stems from Eden's status as one of "the lost generation"—those gallant young schoolboys whom fate and the nostalgic poetry of Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen transformed into tragic legend. Years later, in Berlin, Eden was to refight the grim Battle of the Somme on the back of a menu provided by an Austrian-born corporal named Hitler, who had served opposite Eden's outfit.

Sense of the House. Postwar Oxford in the early '20s found mustachioed Captain Eden a serious young man, diffident and withdrawn. "He was one of the quiet ones," a college servant recalls. Eden collected modern paintings, walked off with first class honors in Persian and Arabic. On one occasion during World War II, he startled a regiment of Turkish regulars by addressing them in their own vernacular.

From Oxford, Eden soon moved to the "safe" Tory seat of Warwick and Leamington. He won it handily and has held it ever since, making his campaign headquarters in famed old Warwick Castle. The dignity, dullness and mastery of the commonplace that Britons expect of their M.P.s came to him naturally; soon he was possessed of that mysterious but vital quality which M.P.s call "a sense of the House."

A Matter of Principle. Eden's good looks, quick mind and influential connections came to the attention of Stanley Baldwin. Promoted to Foreign Secretary at the age of 38 (the youngest man to hold the office for almost a century), Eden made the picture pages as the Homburg-hatted glamor boy. As Europe tilted towards war, his earnestness won him a title that was half-adminiring, half-contemptuous: "This formidable young man who loves peace so terribly." Then one February day in 1938, Eden told Neville Chamberlain: "There has been too keen a desire on our part to make terms with others rather than that others should make terms with us . . . I do not believe . . . in appeasement."

Eden's resignation made him the hero of the hour (though others since have unkindly said he had almost to be pushed into resigning). But he did not follow through: he was too loyal and too well-mannered to challenge his chief publicly, as Chamberlain pushed on to the folly of Munich. Eden kept his objections to himself, while the Nazis and Fascists gloated over the political passing of "Lord Eeyelashes." But Churchill at least understood and mourned the lost opportunity. "There seemed one strong young figure standing up against long, dismal, drawl-

ing tides of drift and surrender . . . Now he was gone. I watched the daylight creep slowly in through the windows, and saw before me in mental gaze the vision of Death."

The Alter Ego. The vision came to pass, and Churchill proven right, was the man to grapple with it. He sent for Anthony Eden, and during World War II there grew up a phenomenon unique in English political life: the Churchill-Eden partnership. Back at the Foreign Office, Eden was the P.M.'s friend, his faithful alter ego ("We thought alike even without consultation," wrote Churchill gratefully). He designated "dear Anthony" as his heir apparent, and together they weathered the Tories' postwar exile from the government bench. Eden's chief role was to act as mediator between the Old Tories and the impetuous young Turks who were coming to the fore. He was always a better party man than Churchill.

Diplomatic Miracle. Since the Tories returned to power in 1951, Eden's stature has grown steadily. He is not a man of power by instinct or by character, and for too long he has lived in the shade of the great Churchillian oak. Eden has had to conquer a painful shyness and a distaste for the rough and tumble of Tory politics. After a typical Eden speech, delivered with its customary earnestness, Winston Churchill once grumped: "My God, he used every cliché in the English language except 'God is love' and 'Gentlemen will please adjust their dress before leaving.'" But as an orator, Eden, though he casts no spells, conveys conviction.

He has the Englishman's dislike of moral passion in foreign affairs. The Foreign Office prides itself on its practicality and puts its faith in adjustments, not solutions. In the U.S., Eden's prestige hit a low point during last summer's Geneva conference. Three months later, John Foster Dulles gave him credit for "a diplomatic miracle," when by skillful flexibility and timing Eden put back together the Atlantic alliance after the death of EDC, and achieved the goal of West German rearmament through the Paris accords.

The Long Wait. Since then, Sir Anthony Eden has been waiting with impeccable good manners (and sometimes superhuman patience) for Sir Winston Churchill to retire. The long wait has been a trial. Sometimes, in the midnight hours, Eden's phone would ring, and Churchill's voice would say: "I am very tired. I think you must get ready . . ." But in the morning the old man would change his mind again. Sometimes he got a puckish delight out of teasing Eden, and there have been times in recent months when Eden's respect for the "greatest living man," as he calls Sir Winston, has been severely taxed.

Sir Anthony is now ready, willing and able to take over the mantle of one whose fame he cannot hope to match but whose job, he is sure, he can fill. With the prize nearly within his grasp, Eden has visibly grown in assurance, authority and poise. The best years of his life may still be ahead.

* Eden's elder son Simon, an R.A.F. navigator, was lost over Burma in World War II.

BERLIN

Kleine Blockade

Somewhere in the Kremlin, the Communists appear to keep a Machiavellian UNIVAC with buttons, lights and levers that can bring into operation any one of 10,000 devices of skulduggery. Press the button labeled *Peace*, and peace doves take off from dovescotes in every capital; pull the lever marked *Hate America*, and such words as "jackal" and "hyena" leap into stereotype on a hundred printing presses. The cold-war machine comes equipped with a *Parliament-Persuader* that brings out Communist hecklers in Rome, Paris and Tokyo, a *Double-Meaning Coding Machine* for use during U.N. debates, an *Automatic Truce Violator* with wave lengths set for Korea and Indo-China. But of all the mechanisms, the most carefully calibrated is the squeezer known as the *Berlin Blockade*. It is so sensitive that it can register cold-war pressure by the raising or lowering of a road barrier, or by a sudden slowdown in the Berlin elevated railway.

Push Button. The Berlin squeezer was used at full pressure in 1948-49 (when it was broken by the airlift), and at half pressure in 1951, after the West proposed West German rearmament. Last week the Kremlin pushed the button again.

Without warning, the Reds clamped down on the narrow highway lifeline that links the Red-encircled island of West Berlin with free West Germany. Tolls on Western vehicles crossing the Soviet zone to and from Berlin were raised by 1,100% for the heavy trucks and trailers which carry two-fifths of all goods entering West Berlin, 400% for buses, 300% for cars, 200% for motorcycles. Heavy vehicles, which formerly paid less than \$5 a round trip, would now have to pay as much as \$95. West Berliners wondered whether *die kleine Blockade*, as they were soon calling it, was the start of another attempt to starve them into submission.

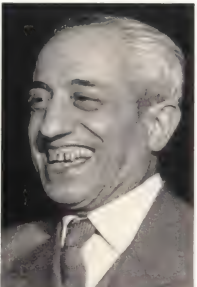
Counter Device. The Communist pretext was that the highways linking Berlin to West Germany had been damaged by frost and overuse, and that the extra tolls were needed for their repair. "Sheer chicanery," snapped Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who recognized the new Red pressure for what it was: an attempt at revenge for the decision to rearm West Germany. Adenauer ordered 18 new trains to be put on the Berlin run (so far, the Reds have not interfered with railroad traffic). West Berlin set up a special fund of \$250,000 to pay the truckers' extra tolls.

The West also has its mechanisms, suitably adjustable to the occasion. Prosperous West Germany supplies the hungry East Germans with substantial quantities of food, coal and machinery, and the Communists would like to increase this trade. At week's end, the Bonn government casually let it be known that it was far too busy with the question of increased tolls to be bothered about increasing trade. Said Konrad Adenauer: "It won't last. They need East-West trade too badly."

ITALY

Fortress Fiat Falls

For three decades the great Fiat works at Turin, Italy's biggest single industrial establishment (automobiles, aircraft engines, refrigerators) has been a fortress of Communism in Italian labor. The first revolutionary factory councils at Fiat grew into the CGIL, the giant Communist-run labor federation. Neither Mussolini nor the Nazis were able to stamp out all the Red cells at the Fiat works. At World War II's end the Communist leaders in Turin emerged as resistance heroes, began throwing their weight around like a trampling herd of elephants. Year after year they elected an overwhelming majority of the Fiat shop stewards. Management even put in a Communist as personnel manager. U.S. military men were horrified at such Communist-union dominion in



FIAT'S VALETTA
Glamorous evidence.

plants which, among many other things, assembled Sabre jets. Fiat's boss, Vittorio 'Valetta,' Italy's No. 1 Businessman, worked hard to combat Communism by improving the workers' lot with new houses. CGIL still remained on top.

Last week the news out of Turin was that for the first time since World War II, the anti-Communist unions had won a clear-cut majority of the shop stewards. The vote surprised everybody, including the Communists themselves. They had sent in their leading labor orator, Giuseppe di Vittorio, and they had campaigned hard. They knew that their union strength in Italy was slipping (from 90% of the workers in 1949 to 60% last year). Yet Togliatti's Communists felt that the Fiat fortress was safe. When 49,600 Fiat workers balloted last week, the Communist vote fell a surprising 27%. The Communists, who previously had 100 shop stewards, elected only 55. The two non-

Communist unions between them elected 133 stewards.

Communism's dramatic defeat was not due primarily to pressure by management or government. Workers had become increasingly disgusted by having their votes and allegiances cynically used to further Russian aims. That change of heart was accelerated by a U.S. policy of withdrawing offshore contracts from the Red-dominated Italian firms which fail to reduce their Communist majorities (TIME, Nov. 6). The U.S. policy, which critics said would rebound in the Communists' favor, was now vindicated.

Premier Mario Scelba, who was visiting the U.S., rejoiced when he got the news in Washington. Said Turin's Fiat-owned *La Stampa*: "For some time we have felt that something new was brewing in the union labor pattern in Italy. These election results give glamorous evidence of what that something new is."

RUSSIA

Back to the Farms

On tour through the rich black earth district where quietly flows the Don, Communist Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev noisily decreed a new purge for Russia's 94,000 collective farms. "We must declare war on neglect, mismanagement and irresponsibility," said Khrushchev. "Some tens of thousands of particularly experienced workers of party and government organizations" would soon replace those who would not "renounce the old ways." And how would these tens of thousands like being farmed out? Henceforth, said Khrushchev, "people should be judged not by their well-groomed appearance but by their knowledge of their jobs."

While all this was going on, Minister of Electric Power Stations Malenkov (whose failure to show up at one of those big Moscow gatherings of the clans set off rumors that he had already been dropped dead) was reported far away in Siberia, making the rounds of power plants, getting more experience.

AUSTRIA

24 Hours

Peace and freedom for his country are the goals of optimistic Austrian Chancellor Julius Raab, who is planning a journey to Moscow to seek them. Peace and freedom also were the goals sought last week by Hungarian Istvan Bagos, 60, his son Johann, his daughter-in-law and their daughter, Maria, 8, as they crawled toward Austria through a mined field on the Red Hungarian border. They had almost reached their goal when one of the Bagos stepped on a mine. Alerted by the explosion, Communist border guards opened fire, but somehow, though two were badly wounded, the family managed to crawl on to Nickelsdorf, a frontier village in the Soviet zone of Austria.

Most of the villagers were afraid to help the Bagos, but one sympathetic Aus-

trian bound up their wounds, and the authorities got them to a hospital. The doctors had barely finished removing the mine splinters when a squad of Russians appeared to demand their return. Istvan begged the Austrian doctors to kill him rather than send him back. The hospital chief warned the Russians that any move might be fatal to the injured. Unheeding, the Russians loaded all four of the Bagos into a waiting ambulance, snatching away the bananas and oranges which nurses pressed into little Maria's hands. Less than 24 hours after their escape, the Bagos were carted back to Hungary.

INDIA

Those Debbil Americans

India's Prime Minister Nehru last week surveyed the world around him, as he likes to do in rambling speeches to Parliament. He concluded that 1) things are getting worse, 2) the U.S. is to blame.

"There is a passion for military pacts," Nehru said. "Such pacts do change the world, but they change it for the worse . . . The world has fallen into a dangerously simple way of looking at things—that everything and everyone must be Communist or anti-Communist . . . Because a person has a hydrogen bomb, it does not mean that his mind has become as powerful . . . Are we going into this madhouse also, behaving like lunatics like the others?"

Nehru did not like the rearmament of Western Germany, and he did not like the new Turkey-Iraq defense pacts which "have caused new weakness . . . The Middle East is today split into hostile groups." He thought that Red China should have Formosa; he judged it "certain" that Red China will get Quemoy and Matsu. And he put it to the U.S.: "What are you planning for? The great war to happen?" The new SEATO pact signed at Manila fundamentally "upset any possibility of peace—as well as stability—in the Indo-Chinese area." Nehru accused "both blocs" of "interference" in other nations' affairs. "Even if the whole world is fighting," he went on, "we shall not go to war." M.P.s drummed on their desktops to signify their approval.

Sometimes, said Nehru, he reads in foreign newspapers that "I am inclined this way—or that"—in the cold war. "The world must realize that I am an Indian, and I am inclined only towards India."

The best guess was that Nehru was just practicing the Song of India he intends to croon at the mid-April conference of Asian-African leaders at Bandung, Indonesia, where he must share top billing with that old spotlight-stealer, Red China's Chou En-lai. Nehru's ambition is to establish an "area of peace" around the Indian Ocean. Taking Chou En-lai's professions of peace at face value, Jawaharlal Nehru is stuck with the thesis that those old debbil Americans must be causing all the trouble. It was getting to be an old song. The words made no sense, but in India the tune was undeniably popular.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Night of Despair

It was midnight in Saigon. The windows of Freedom Palace were open, and Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, in grey striped pajamas, was pacing his third-floor bedroom. Suddenly, through the sultry night, Diem heard the clatter of machine-gun fire, the cries of wounded men. In the next instant, half a dozen mortar shells exploded beneath Ngo Dinh Diem's open window. "We never believed they would dare attack us!" said one of Diem's aides, aghast. But on Diem's shabby desk in Freedom Palace lay the confirmation: "All South Viet Nam will be put to blood and fire," an ultimatum read, "unless you consent to our demands."

Battle on the Boulevard. The mortar shells and the ultimatum were fired at the struggling new state of South Viet Nam

stopped the government's handsome subsidy to the Binh Xuyen and shut down the general's gambling dens in the name of anti-Communist "disinfection."

When the general launched his surprise attack on the palace last week, Diem rushed outside to check the mortar damage and comfort the wounded. Brushing aside the general's ultimatum, Diem called up Vietnamese army reinforcements to relieve a couple of hardpressed Vietnamese garrisons near by. Thundering to the scene in trucks, the reinforcements were ambushed along the Boulevard Gallieni by well-placed Binh Xuyen machine gunners, but the Vietnamese government troops piled out, unlimbered a 37-mm. fieldpiece, battered point-blank at the Binh Xuyen, and then charged.

Frustration in the Palace. After three hours and 15 minutes of sporadic fire, the Binh Xuyen were just about ready to



PREMIER DIEM AND GENERAL LE VAN VIEN
Around Freedom Palace, endless skeins of French intrigue.

(pop. 10.5 million) by a war lord named General Le Van Vien—a man who used to be a river pirate and now runs the Binh Xuyen (pronounced bin soo yen), one of South Viet Nam's exotic alliances of political and religious sects, with its own private army of 8,000 uniformed men. The general often seems like an inclusive version of Murder Inc. and the police force, for his Binh Xuyen controls Saigon's prostitutes and its cops, its narcotics and its narcotics squad, its highest paid assassins and its homicide bureau.

General Le Van Vien bought the police from absentee Chief of State Bao Dai for \$1,000,000 in 1954; the general still sends out big gleanings from his prostitution profits to his old benefactor, thereby helping Bao Dai to live in sunshine and sloth at Cannes on a total income of \$3,400,000 a year. General Le Van Vien got on well with the French colonials, but Nationalist Premier Diem recently

quit. "Warmest compliments . . . The Fatherland is proud of you," Diem signaled his young soldiers—but into the midst of free South Viet Nam's first small victory wheeled a black French Citroën, a French general inside it. "Cease fire! Assume defensive positions!" the Frenchman ordered the astonished Vietnamese.

The French officer told the Vietnamese commanders that they would be seized for insubordination if they continued to fight; since the French still control the rationing of arms and oil to the Vietnamese army, the commanders had to obey. French colonial infantry and tanks rumbled out into the streets of Saigon to tamp down the battle. Off to Freedom Palace went French Commissioner-General Paul Ely to caution the Premier: "You are trying to seek a decision by force. You must not do it. You must only seek a settlement by political means."

Next morning, wearied and frustrated,

Ngo Dinh Diem went back to negotiation with the sects, while the Binh Xuyen resumed its arrogant patrolling and called up reinforcements. "Vietnamese anger is mounting," TIME Correspondent Dwight Martin cabled from Saigon, "and many foreign observers sympathize completely. It is probably too strong to say, as some are saying, that the French have a Machiavellian master plan to subvert the anti-French Nationalist Diem and with him the U.S. effort to save South Viet Nam from the Communists. But most Americans here conclude, nevertheless, that French actions and policies will have that effect unless they are soon and sharply confined. There are endless skeins of intrigue and sabotage being woven here by lower-echelon Frenchmen, many of whom will privately admit that they would like nothing better than to see the Diem government collapse. French colonialism may be fighting only a rearguard action, but so far it is surprisingly effective."

SINGAPORE

Step to Freedom

In Singapore last week, the British took the longest step towards self-government in 136 years of colonial rule. They staged the island colony's first really representative general election. In steaming heat, the Chinese, Malayan, Indian, Eurasian and European people of polyglot Singapore (pop. 1,200,000) went to the polls, where six political parties contended for 25 seats in a new Legislative Assembly, the winner to form a Cabinet and take over Singapore's internal administration—subject only to the veto of the British colonial governor. Often trailed by as many as four interpreters speaking Singapore's eight main languages, the 79 candidates ministered to curious, multilingual crowds with sound-truck orations, clanging gongs and cymbals, Chinese opera troupes, the reedy piping of snake charmers, and campaign promises that ranged from "hospitals at your doorstep" to "compulsory courtesy for civil servants." Only three candidates were Europeans.

"A calculated risk," the British called their experiment in democracy. They hoped the winner would be Singapore's old Progressive Party, dominated by conservative, Westernized Chinese who are not too demanding in their cry for gradual independence. But the Progressives won only four seats. The decisive victor, with 10 out of 25 seats: the Labor Front, another Westernized party, endorsed by Clement Attlee's Socialists in Britain, which stands for mild socialism and pitches its appeal to the industrial workers, who are mostly Indians. The parties that had stirred the most anxious interest before the poll finished up as also-rans: the Communist-supported People's Action Party and the well-heeled, neutralist Democratic Party, both of which appealed almost exclusively to Singapore's predominant (80%) community of overseas Chinese.

The new chief minister for the island

colony, only 1,320 yards across the Straits of Johore from the guerrilla-war land of Malaya, would almost certainly be Laborite David Marshall, 47, a sharp, headline-grabbing lawyer who recently visited Britain to study Attlee's and Nye Bevan's methods. In colonial Singapore, one of Laborite Marshall's planks was the abolition of compulsory necktie-wearing at official functions.

PAKISTAN

Reluctant Dictator

In Karachi last week, iron-minded, frail bodied Governor General Ghulam Mohammed decreed for himself further "emergency powers." He signed an edict combining four provinces (Sind, Baluchistan, West Punjab and Northwest Frontier Province) and several princely states into one unit called West Pakistan



GHULAM MOHAMMED
Legal but uncomfortable.

(pop. 33.5 million). He put his civil servants to work on what Pakistan's Constituent Assembly had for seven years failed to achieve—a constitution.

None of his own totalitarian activity, which his strong right-hand man, Major General Mirza, defines as "controlled democracy," appeals much to Ghulam Mohammed. A man disabled by a stroke and half-paralyzed, trained by crack British civil servants to rule by law, Ghulam does not really like being a dictator. He sometimes talks about reconvening the Constituent Assembly—which he dissolved last October—and about calling for Pakistan's first general elections. Ghulam's advisers argue, however, that restoring democracy would mean restoring chaos. The Federal Court ruled fortnight ago that Ghulam's "controlled democracy," in the presence of an emergency and in the absence of a constitution, is legal under the old British India Act of 1935.

SAUDI ARABIA

Alchemy in the Desert

Less than 50 years ago, Saudi Arabia was a desert kingdom whose prime source of income was a head tax imposed on Moslem pilgrims traveling to Mecca. Today the derricks and pipelines of a huge U.S. corporation tap rich pools of oil beneath the desert sands and turn them into streams of gold that pour into the royal coffers of Saudi Arabia at a rate of \$200 million yearly. Last week TIME's Middle East Correspondent Keith Wheeler cabled an account of the problems and promises engendered by this desert alchemy.

The desert sands stretch north, south and west as far as the eye can see outside the efficient, modern executive offices of the Arabian American Oil Co. in Dhahran. The headaches that keep Aramco's bosses awake at night are largely conditioned by the sands, for Aramco, in bringing new riches to the desert, has brought new values as well. Last year all 14,000 of Aramco's Saudi Arab workers walked off the job. "Do you know what the strike leaders were asking for?" one of the bosses asked me. "It wasn't just raises. They wanted cost-of-living allowances like the Americans have. They wanted to ride to work like the Americans do. They were after all the things they see as distinctions between them and the Americans. That's the guts of it."

"We can't help it and they can't help it. We came to the desert and we bring along radios and washing machines and cars and Lord knows what, and we give a shocking jolt to a culture that was sustained for centuries by dates and camels and faith in Allah. We didn't come here to manufacture a nation of imitation Americans, but it happens whether you like it or not. The trouble is, the imitation is neither American nor Saudi."

Aramco pays higher wages than anyone else in Saudi Arabia. In Dhahran, the company's headquarters town, an employee draws his living quarters according to seniority and job, not nationality. Aramco's Bedouin workers come off the desert and out of tents and go to live in air-conditioned houses. They have swimming pools hooded against the noonday sun and athletic fields floodlight for night play. But as its Saudi employees learn to live more like Americans, Aramco itself becomes more Saudi. In its relations with the government and 53-year-old King Saud, Aramco maintains a policy so studiously circumspect that sometimes it seems to its younger workers to be downright spineless. Often it proves bitter as gall to the American workers.

Royal Suggestions. Aramco's American employees in Saudi Arabia took it hard, when more than two years ago old King Ibn Saud imposed prohibition. They have, with some grumbling, accepted a ban on importing books, which apparently was intended to foil the entry of subversive literature. They haven't even fought the decree that bans driving licenses for



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The 8-passenger Country Sedan

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KING SAUD
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Camera Press—P.A.

women outside the company compound—although deep underneath there is a seething feminine ferment about it.

Two years ago, at Royal "suggestion," the company even agreed to move its main offices from New York to the desert, with the result that Aramco is no longer an American company with branches abroad; it is an American company with a branch in the U.S. To join Aramco today on a career basis means accepting a desert life, for an employee cannot hope to rotate from a job in a distant field to one in the home office; the home office is here. The turnover among American employees runs fairly high. Most join up in hopes of making a cushion: freedom from U.S. income tax, cost-of-living differentials and salaries about 25% above state-side rates for equivalent jobs are the lures. A surprising number intend to stay for a couple of contracts (two years each), save up enough to buy a motel back home. But the limited consolations of loneliness are a deterrent to savings accounts: some pretty rugged poker and crap games spring up in the bachelor camps. For men with families—there are now 3,400 wives and children with Aramco and its associated U.S. contractors—the air-conditioned houses, the tennis courts and swimming pools have made life increasingly livable.

Meanwhile, a huge bite of the company revenue goes to support a royal regime that is itself a fantastic blend of East and West, ancient and modern. The money pours in like a flash flood in a dry wadi but it flows out even faster. This year's government budget estimates a deficit of close to \$60 million. Little of the huge sums that are spent trickle past the palace gates into the hands of ordinary Saudis.

Royal Spending. Nobody knows for certain the size of Saudi Arabia's royal family. The late King Ibn Saud had either 32, 37 or 40 princely sons. Young Prince

Abdullah, an amiable lad, told me that the present King Saud likes to pretend sensitivity about the number of his own progeny. "Sometimes he says to us older boys, 'You are fine lads, but you are enough'; so then we laugh at him and say, 'The house is full of youngsters, and they're all yours.' Then he says, acting angry, 'Oh, no, there can't be that many; I'm not that old.'"

Reasonably dispassionate guessers figure the royal household plus retainers and courtiers in the neighborhood of 10,000 persons. Whenever the King's own household makes one of its periodic moves from Riyadh to Jeddah or Medina, its central figures are airlifted by the Saudi Arabian government airline, which owns 27 aircraft. A royal move means not only that all scheduled operations are canceled but also that every available aircraft has to get out and lug.

Much of the King's spending is an unavoidable legacy of tradition to which he is bound whether he enjoys it or not. Every night the royal board seats from 80 to 200 guests and retainers, where the King, a huge man, big of bone and body in his father's mold, presides with courtly grace. In the first year of his reign, he has traveled more widely than old Ibn Saud ever did. One trip south, which took him over some 3,500 kilometers of flinty desert innocent of all roads, was an astonishing testimonial to the durability not only of the King himself but of his fleet of U.S. autos, including the trucks in which he carried heavy bags of silver coin for distribution along the way. "In our country," says one of his loyal retainers, "it is necessary that the people see the King. In the old days it was the tradition that the people come to the King. Now the King comes to the people."

Such generous junketing is inevitably expensive, but it would be both unfair and unwise to assess Saudi Arabia's new King merely in terms of conspicuous consumption. His father carved out the land and lived to be astonished by a flow of gold that nothing in his training could have anticipated or prepared him to spend wisely. He left the land to his sons to make or break. In Saudi Arabia there are signs—new hospitals, new roads, new schools (though not enough of them), a bustle on all sides—that Saud will make it if he can, and if the oil holds out. It should: the country has the largest proved reserves in the world.

FRANCE

Esthetic Pleasure

Walking into the Assembly one day last week, Premier Edgar Faure was heard to mutter: "What a rotten job I've got! It requires so much patience." Faure had asked the Assembly for special decree powers to tackle France's complex fiscal problem. Many of his predecessors, including Pierre Mendes-France, had had such special powers, but now a sizable portion of the Assembly was bewitched by the down-country strength of Demagogue Pierre Poujade, who had organized



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a tax strike among thousands of France's little shopkeepers (TIME, March 28).

In order to get his special fiscal powers, Faure had to promise to:

❑ Remove the hated transaction tax for businesses grossing less than \$43,000 yearly, substituting a lump sum payable over a two-year period. For some 1,200,000 small merchants and artisans, this would mean no more inspection, no control, no declarations.

❑ Review penalties imposed during the past six months on "taxpayers of good will." For collective resistance to tax control, i.e., Poujadism, there would still be fines and jail sentences, but less severe.

❑ Free retail businesses grossing less than \$170,000, and service enterprises grossing less than \$43,000, from the harassments of the *Polyvalents* (the Finance Ministry's roving tax inspectors).

Thereupon, Faure got his decree powers, by votes of 330 to 245 in the Assembly, 204 to 90 in the Senate. Although Poujadism was still going like sixty, Premier Faure seemed to feel, for a moment, that his job was not so rotten after all. Said he to a friend: "Winning first the Paris accords and now the special powers without a confidence vote gives me esthetic pleasure."

THE PHILIPPINES

The Bad Earth

In the middle of the night, the earth slipped and shuddered on the southern Philippine island of Mindanao. Around Lake Lanao, where once warlike Moros now peaceably grow corn, flimsy houses on stilts toppled into the churning water, drowning many of their occupants. Other houses were engulfed by quake-raised waves from the lake. In the towns, houses and buildings collapsed; yawning fissures opened in the ground, blocking highways; bridges were grotesquely torn and twisted.

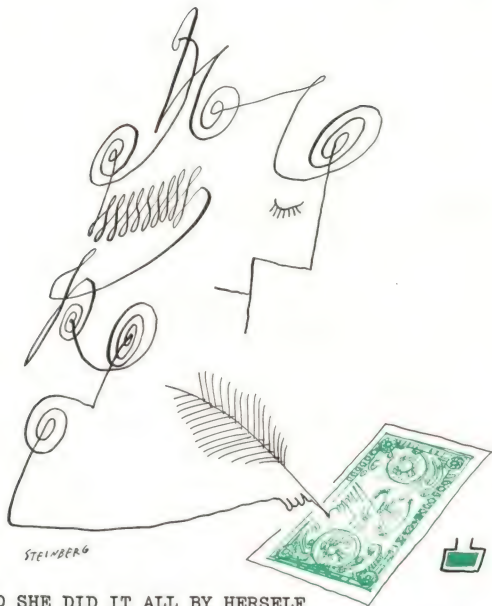
As a U.S. medical team flew to the stricken area from Manila's Clark Field, President Ramon Magsaysay declared a public calamity. The death toll was more than 400; some 2,000 were injured; 12,000 were homeless.

U.N.

... On Both Your Houses

In Jerusalem last week, the U.N.'s Israel-Egypt Mixed Armistice Commission condemned Egypt for the recent "brutal and murderous attack" (with grenades and Sten guns) on an Israeli wedding party on Israeli territory, in which one woman was killed and 22 persons wounded.

Two days later, in Manhattan, a far more powerful body, the U.N. Security Council, condemned Israel for the recent bloody armed raid against Egyptian forces in the Gaza strip (TIME, March 14), in which 38 Egyptians were killed. It was one of the rare moments when the Russian and the U.S. delegations agreed on anything: the vote to condemn Israel was approved unanimously by all eleven members of the Security Council.



AND SHE DID IT ALL BY HERSELF

Once there was a woman and her problem was "money". Unfortunately, she had champagne taste and a beer pocket-book. She had such good taste that every time she went to buy a dress, she picked out the most expensive one on the rack. This was very discouraging, so she brooded. And she decided that being well dressed was extremely complicated.

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and started sewing. And she sewed and she sewed and she sewed. And before long, she found that following these printed patterns was really Simplicity itself.

Soon she not only had the biggest wardrobe, but the most beautiful of any woman she knew. And besides that, she had money left over. Her beer pocket-book got fatter and pretty soon, it was... well, almost a champagne one. But that wasn't what made her feel so fine. It was the great good sense of

satisfaction she felt. She thought she had a right to be proud. And she did. Because, you see, she did it all by herself...with the help of SimplicityPrintedPatterns.

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Open Throttle

Construction on the Pan American Highway to Panama, which has been sputtering along on a lean budget, got a high-octane boost last week. On the recommendation of Vice President Nixon, who toured Central America in February, President Eisenhower urged Congress to accelerate the U.S. contribution for completing the 3,200-mile Laredo-to-Panama road. Earlier, the President had budgeted \$3,750,000 for the highway for the next fiscal year; now he wants \$75 million for the next three years. Matched by half that sum from Central American countries, the stepped-up appropriation would be enough, like thought, to close the gaps in the road (notably a 134-mile stretch in southeastern Costa Rica—*TIME*, March 14) and pave the dirt and gravel sections.

BRAZIL

Oil & Nationalism

The No. 1 propaganda success of Brazil's outlawed Communist Party was the slogan *O Petróleo é Nosso* (The Oil Is Ours). Under that Communist-devised battlecry, Brazilian nationalists have blocked any foreign participation in the development of the nation's oil. A product of the oil-is-ours nationalism was Brazil's 1953 law, which set up an oil monopoly, Petrobrás, and forbade ownership of shares by foreigners—or even Brazilians married to foreigners.

Currently producing only about 3% of its oil consumption, inflation-plagued Brazil has to pay out much of its desperately needed dollar income for petroleum imports. Many clear-thinking Brazilians, well aware that Petrobrás lacks the capital and technical skill to undertake large-scale oil exploration, are convinced that the 1953 law stunts the nation's economic growth. But nationalist sentiment remains overwhelmingly strong. How strong it still is became evident last week in the Brazilian Senate, which voted on a bill to amend the Petrobrás law and permit 30-year oil concessions to private Brazilian firms. The proposal made no mention of non-Brazilian capital, but it would presumably have permitted some participation by foreign oil companies through investments in Brazilian companies. Modest as the bill was, only five Senators of the 37 present dared vote for it. The oil is still all Brazil's—and still in the ground.

PANAMA

First Offender

Panama's National Assembly, sitting last week as the jury for a high state trial, by a vote of 45-8 found ex-President José Ramón Guizado, 55, guilty as an accomplice in the assassination of his predecessor, José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón. The conviction was largely based on a confession by erratic Lawyer Rubén



EX-PRESIDENT GUIZADO ON TRIAL

Next, the gunman.

Miró, who admitted machine-gunning Remón at Panama's race track (*TIME*, Jan. 24), and implicated Guizado. Remón's Vice President, Panama will next prosecute Miró, and try to prove in the ordinary courts that he was the assassin.

Panamanian law, though it forbids the death penalty, provides a specially tough maximum sentence of 35 years for presidential assassins. But the Assembly gave Guizado, once a prominent, well-to-do contractor, only ten years. Then it knocked off a third of that sentence on motion of Deputy Demetrio Martínez, who pointed out earnestly that the crime was Guizado's first offense.

ARGENTINA

Coming-Out Party

The Argentine government let 104 university students out of jail last week, completing the release of some 250 students locked up last year for taking part in political demonstrations. Before leaving, the 74 students freed in Buenos Aires had to listen to a finger-wagging lecture by the federal police chief, who assured them that they would not have criminal records. That was understandable: they had never been tried, or even formally charged, but merely held at the disposal of President Juan Perón.

Like many another Latin American strongman, Perón has found his university students distressingly prejudiced in favor of liberty. Despite the thoroughgoing Peronization of university faculties, most of the students remain notably unenthusiastic about Perón, which makes his watchful cops highly suspicious of them. Last October the police banned a routine social gathering of University of Buenos Aires engineering students, thereby touching off

a student strike that spread to Argentina's other universities. Upshot: 250-odd student leaders landed in jail. Perón & Co. let 150 of them out during February and March, hinted that the rest would be released before the beginning of the new academic year in April (*TIME*, Feb. 21). Allowing the universities to open with 104 students still in jail would have been asking for a new series of campus agitations, and Perón knew it.

GUATEMALA

Student Rag

Through thronged streets in Guatemala City last week rolled an open Chrysler carrying two men who looked astonishingly like President Carlos Castillo Armas and U.S. Vice President Richard Nixon. "Ricardo!" pleaded the first, "Guatemala needs a handout!"

"Hey!" protested the second, "I just gave you \$6,000,000!"

"I know," cried the first, "but my secretary already stole that!"

Once a year in Guatemala, everything that is revered, respectable, powerful or pompous gets powerful but highly irreverent ribbing. The occasion is the traditional Easteride Strike of students at the University of San Carlos, one of the most merciless lampoons anywhere. Starting weeks ahead, the students shamelessly shake down politicians and merchants for expenses, adding to the fund receipts from a scurrilous vaudeville show and a scandal sheet that flouts all libel laws. With the \$25,000 to \$30,000 they collect, the students build big floats that are, in effect, moving stages for the outrageous and often obscene skits and tableaux they spend weeks devising. A week before Good Friday, while the capital watches goggle-eyed, the students belt down quantities of donated rum and parade the floats through the streets. Invariable topic of the rag: politics.

Ex-President Jacobo Arbenz, lately in Swiss exile, got his lumps last week in a float depicting him skiing down the Alps clutching bags of gold lifted from the Guatemalan treasury. But this year's parade was the first since Castillo Armas took power, and the students naturally honored him as Target No. 1. One float kidded his anti-Communist revolution last June. A wolf decked out in hammers and sickles was stopped from devouring a Red Riding Hood named Guatemala by an ax blow from Uncle Sam. On the axhead: a picture of Castillo Armas. Another joshed his style of rule by decree, showing him whipping up two mules labeled "Congress" and "Courts." The motto of his revolution, *Dios, Patria y Libertad*, was devastatingly changed on the float to *Adiós, Patria y Libertad*.

By custom, Guatemalan Presidents must prove themselves good sports by giving generously to the Easteride Strike fund. Castillo Armas' sporting contribution to get himself panned: \$1,500.



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It's a short lane that has no hollyhock—in Britain

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stations, and the magnificent window boxes that flag your eye so refreshingly in London. You'll long remember Scotland's heather, the fields of Northern Ireland blue with flax, and Devon lanes and green Welsh valleys studded with wild flowers.

Start making plans. See your Travel Agent, and come to Britain this year.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Although he customarily wins friends and influences people wherever he preaches salvation, Evangelist **Billy Graham** (TIME, Oct. 25) unwittingly made some British enemies. Up to his nonclerical collar in a "Tell Scotland" crusade, Graham found himself in the rough, both on a Scottish golf course and in the minds of England's organized animal lovers. The ruckus began when he started a BBC broadcast with a bland enough statement: "Fishes belong to the sea, animals belong to the jungle, human beings belong to God." But to



United Press

BILLY GRAHAM

The rough turned into a jungle.

Britain's buffalo-chip-on-shoulder League Against Cruel Sports, these were fighting words. More fuel was poured into the fire when an L.A.C.S. member reported that at one of Graham's Glasgow meetings, a lad had said to Evangelist Graham: "Excuse me, sir—my father loves animals, and I hope you will pray for them in your service." Billy's reported reply: "Now you trot home and tell your daddy that my job is saving human souls. I have no time for animals."^o This secondhand duologue was greeted at the league's annual meeting in London with teeth-grashing and wails of "shame!" One incensed lady shouted: "Billy Graham belongs to the jungle." Said League Secretary J. C. Sharp: "Animals are God's creatures, too. They are cruelly ill-treated by people who claim to be religious." In Glasgow, abandoning his usual

^o Back home in North Carolina, Pet-Lover Graham keeps a horse, a cat, a canary, a parakeet, a Great Pyrenees dog named Belle Shazzar.

eloquence, Evangelist Graham, coming down with a severe throat infection, husked: "No comment."

Moscow announced that a street on a new state farm somewhere out on the Soviet steppes has been named after one of the U.S.S.R.'s best U.S. friends, party-lining Baritone **Paul Robeson**, who has long cherished an illusion that U.S. Negroes are still slaves but that Soviet slave laborers are free.

In Singapore, famed Author-Philosopher **Lin** (*The Importance of Living*) **Yutang** resigned his post as chancellor of newborn Nanyang University (TIME, Aug. 16). Ostensibly, the row was over the school's first budget and operating policies. But behind the scenes, Nanyang, set up primarily to win Oriental minds for the West, was an ideological morass, a battleground where the Communists had already opened a rabbit-punch struggle to capture minds for their own cause. In despair and frustration, Dr. Lin, more a scholar than a dynamic educator, capitulated.

On the eve of his 55th birthday in London, Britain's Prince Henry William Frederick Albert, an air chief marshal of the R.A.F., an honorary captain in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, but more recognizable as the **Duke of Gloucester**, hid himself to Buckingham Palace to pick up a present from a favorite niece, **Queen Elizabeth II**. The gift: the rank and baton of a British Army field marshal.

The only two U.S. playboys whose follies still seem like madcap hangovers from the Roaring Twenties are aging Asbestoscion **Tommy Manville**, due to turn 61 this week, and the heir apparent to the jester's cap, bibulous Sugar Daddy **Adolph B.** (Honey Dew) **Spreckels II**, 43. Last week both Manville and Spreckels, the veterans of a total of 15 marriages, 13 divorces, two separations, were entangled with the law and women as usual. In Manhattan, Playboy Manville, hailed into court by wife No. 9, Anita Roddy-Eden Manville, and asked to prove that he is not worth at least \$10 million, seemed on the verge of mouthing a pauper's oath. The exact figure before he had lunch during the court's noon recess, insisted Tommy, is a modest \$2,054,922.23. To show the straits he is in, Manville lugged in a suitcase full of his canceled checks (item: \$2,400 for a year's window cleaning at his Westchester County mansion). Asked about a string of checks he wrote to buy arch supports, Manville, ever the butt of his own gags, explained: "I got fallen arches carrying my first bride over the threshold." Meanwhile, Playboy Spreckels and San Francisco's Polyclinic Hospital were sued for \$60,000 by an ex-Hollywood dancer named Georgia Asper. Her charge against Spreckels (who did 25 days of jail time last November for clouting his fifth wife, sometime Actress Kay Williams, with

her jeweled slipper): "Indecent assault and battery" while he and Georgia were fellow hospital patients, with a connecting bathroom, last December. After bursting into her room in a smock so scanty that "he was exposed in both directions," testified Georgia, Sugar Daddy Spreckels wrestled with her lustily and then, outnumbered by three nurses, leaped atop an unoccupied bed and bellowed defiantly: "I'm going to stay in the room with the blonde!" The nurses gently carried him away.

At a reception for **Mamie Eisenhower** in Washington's Mayflower Hotel, a friend of Mamie's sister, Frances ("Mike") Moore, Mrs. Durries Crane, onetime ballerina with Chicago's Civic Opera, suddenly became aware of a horrifying coinci-



Associated Press

MAMIE EISENHOWER

The designer looked for a rock.

dence: the First Lady wore a blue-and-green-print taffeta dress almost exactly like her own. In the reception line Mrs. Crane tried to conceal her own outfit with her mink cape, but Mamie spied the maneuver, gaily cried: "Don't hide it. I think it's pretty." Muttered blushing Ledova Crane: "It's not really the same." "Oh, yes it is," bubbled Mamie as she opened Mrs. Crane's frantically clutched cape. "You just took off the bow. What a good idea!" Later, Ledova Crane confided to newsmen at tea: "I was so embarrassed I could die." Even more embarrassed was Manhattan Designer Mollie Larnis, who confessed that there are 80 more frocks just like Ledova's in circulation. Moaned Mollie: "I'm ready to crawl under a rock, or leave the country or something." But Mollie soon saw a silver lining. Brightening, she said: "I do not sell directly to any wearer. Nor do I usually make one of a kind; that is what makes this country a great democracy."



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EDUCATION

How to Live Dangerously

Speaking of the president of Brown University, Dean McGeorge Bundy of Harvard University once remarked: "We all go to school under Henry Wriston." Last week, when Brown's Wriston, 65, announced that he would soon retire, he was in fact announcing the departure of one of U.S. higher education's top elder statesmen.

Over the last 20 years few voices have been raised with more authority or listened to with more respect than Henry Merrill Wriston's. Sometimes it seemed the voice of a scolding gadfly bent on stirring up the fuddy-duddies, but always it was the voice of a man who could accept only the first-rate. He lashed out at timid



BROWN'S WRISTON
An ideal beyond security.

colleagues who bowed to political pressures ("Universities must frankly accept the responsibility for tolerating error, lest in misvaluation, in ignorance, prejudice, or timidity, they mistake truth for error and extinguish some new light in the darkness") and at those who lowered standards to increase enrollments in the shoddy belief that "the customer is always right." By its very nature, said he, a university must live dangerously. "Abandon the most fatuous and debilitating slogan that ever misguided a generation. Give up security as an ideal . . . If you insist on being cheated, buy gold bricks or perpetual motion machines. They are a lot sounder than security."

New Adventure. A graduate of Wesleyan University (Connecticut), and a Ph.D. (in history) from Harvard, Wriston went to Brown in 1937 after serving for twelve years as president of Lawrence College in Appleton, Wis. Since then, his burly figure ensconced in his colonial

*We still take the time in Lynchburg, Tenn. (pop. 399)
to charcoal-mellow whiskey...drop by drop...for the
world's rarest, smoothest flavor*

We'd sure be pleased to have you drop in and see for yourself the special way we make Jack Daniel's whiskey here at the oldest registered distillery in the country.

You'd see something in this leisurely little town of Lynchburg you couldn't see anywhere else in the world. It's an old Tennessee process we call charcoal-mellowing. And we still use it for one very good reason: it produces the smoothest, most distinctive whiskey flavor you ever put to your lips.

Now, charcoal has been a good friend to the whiskey maker for a long, long time. All distillers age their whiskey in charred oak barrels. We do that, too. But before we age, we choose to give our whiskey an extra blessing of flavor-smoothing charcoal that no other whiskey gets.

Charcoal-mellowing begins with hard maple logs. The logs are cut, stacked in ricks and burned to char. This charcoal is ground fine and packed tightly to a 10-foot depth in special wooden vats.

Before we let any Jack Daniel's go to the aging barrels, it must first trickle slowly—inches by inch, drop by drop—down through one of these



To make a flavor smoother, ricks of maple burn.



Cradled in the Cumberland foothills, the oldest registered distillery in the U.S.

room-high vats of hard maple charcoal. What comes out ten long days after it goes in, is only the richest, smoothest part of the whiskey. What's left behind are the "rough edges" that nobody wants in a whiskey's flavor.

Like many folks who see how we charcoal-mellow Jack Daniel's and then sample its sippin' smooth flavor, you'll probably wonder why in the world no other whiskey is made this way.

We can't answer for others, of course. But as far as we're concerned, we will never make Jack Daniel's any other way—no matter how much it costs or how long it takes.

So...if you get half a chance, drop in and say hello. It's Spring—and that's a grand time for a trip through Tennessee. We're between Nashville and Chattanooga, just off Highway 41A. We're keeping the latch string out for you.

Meanwhile, don't wait until you can get down here to try our whiskey. Next time you buy, make it Jack

**CHARCOAL
MELLOWED**

**DROP
BY
DROP**



Daniel's. And if you have trouble finding it, we hope you'll fuss a little. To us and to your dealer.

GREEN label for those who seek a truly rare flavor. BLACK label—even rarer.

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office, he has doubled Brown's endowment to \$24 million, raised its enrollment to 3,500. He built the Metcalf Research Laboratory, set up a new infirmary and health center. But more important, he all but revolutionized the life of the bright undergraduate. "The great mistake in American education from kindergarten through graduate school," said he, "has been an underestimation of the capacity of students . . . The minds of freshmen need to be awakened to a new adventure."

The adventurers selected have now abandoned the old curriculum and thrown away their textbooks ("Most are hardly worth reading," said Wriston). Instead of taking surveys, they follow some great theme, e.g., the concept of liberty, the development of the individual, the relation of the individual to God. Their science includes the works of Darwin, Pavlov and Von Helmholtz; their languages cover Voltaire, Dante and Cervantes. The emphasis is on "analyzing, not on memorizing."

Best Model. As is the case with most administrators, blunt Henry Wriston can be a tough taskmaster (said one subordinate: "He's fine to work for—if you're in New York and he's in Providence"). But he commands a loyalty that arises out of his own bearish zest for life. He can hum the top jukebox tunes, reel off the current baseball statistics, expound on anything from carpentry to chrysanthemums. He has wired his summer house for sound, once constructed an improved record-player spindle that was promptly adopted by a manufacturer. He has been president of both the Association of American Universities and the Association of American Colleges. Last year the now famous Wriston report on the reorganization of the Foreign Service was adopted by the State Department.

Over the years, however, Wriston has had other preoccupations. "There is," he once declared, "more preaching about the evils of capitalism, of profits, of exploitation, than of the beauty of holiness." The concern of the church and the liberal arts college should be primarily with the individual, the basis for all good societies: "the core of Jesus' teaching . . . The problem with which He wrestled was the age-old problem, the purification of the mind and heart of man." For preachers and teachers alike, says Methodist Wriston, there could be no better "guide and model."

Crossfire

Director Neal Gross of the Harvard School-Executive Studies last week described the sort of crossfire the nation's schoolmen are in. Of 500 school board members questioned, 53% said that citizens had demanded they put more emphasis on the 3 Rs, while 43% received demands for other types of courses; 41% received protests over the opinions of certain teachers, while 12% were confronted with demands that teachers be allowed to speak more freely; 69% received complaints about the amount of school taxes, while 51% received demands that the schools get more money.

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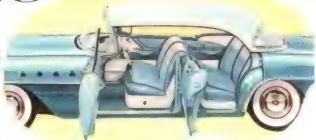
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It's the last word in automobiles, this big and beautiful 4-Door Riviera—and a buy on every count.

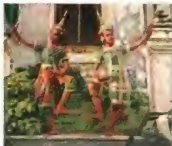
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out dirt, dust and sand... giving daily proof of the great performance and long-term dependability that is engineered into all the RCA products you know so well.

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THE PRESS

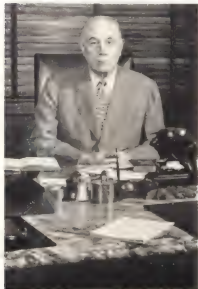
The Great Editors

The history of metropolitan newspapers in the U.S. is rightly written around the names of great editors and publishers. Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, William Randolph Hearst, the first Joseph Pulitzer, Adolph Ochs, Captain Joe Patterson—each left an indelible imprint on U.S. journalism. By publishing newspapers that reflected their own forceful personalities, they helped to create the great tradition of personal daily journalism. But it is a dying tradition. In its place, the complexity of covering world affairs has brought an age of efficient and impersonal news-gathering machines. Few are the publishers who are not dwarfed by them. Last week, within the space of 30 hours, two U.S. publishers died who were part of the great tradition. They created great news-gathering machines, but they were not dwarfed by them. Clearly and unmistakably, their papers reflected their own dominating personalities. Like all great editors, they made their papers the public extension of their private brilliance.

In his rambling, richly decorated home outside St. Louis, a ruptured abdominal blood vessel unexpectedly struck down Joseph Pulitzer II, 70, son and namesake of the founder of the crusading *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (circ. 387,398) and the former *New York World*.

Twenty-seven hours later, at Wheaton, Ill., in the splendor of his 35-room Georgian mansion, death after a two-year illness came to Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, boss of the Chicago *Tribune* (circ. 892,058) and nominal boss of its Manhattan cousin, the *Daily News* (circ. 2,092,455).

Superficially, the character of the two



George Stoddard-Lane

PUBLISHER MCCORMICK
Out of a great tradition.



St. Louis Post Dispatch

FOUR GENERATIONS OF PULITZERS*
With conviction and determination.

papers was as different as dailies can be. The right-wing, isolationist *Tribune* viewed the New Deal *Post-Dispatch* as a political enemy. But actually, the journalistic ingredients they had in common were more important than those that set them apart. Both the *Tribune* and the *P-D*—each in its own way—chose to be independent to a fault. The *Trib* rarely went along with any political party (see below), while the *P-D*'s editorial support swung from Franklin D. Roosevelt (1932) to Alf Landon (1936), back to Roosevelt (1940 and 1944), to Dewey (1948) and Adlai Stevenson (1952).

Both papers covered national and international news with the same sharp eye that they kept for local stories, laid away the myth of isolationism in the Midwest, even though Robert McCormick endlessly affirmed it. From their able, highly paid staffs, both got the kind of intense loyalty that only grows out of respect.

Both publishers were without fear of being out of step with their readers or unpopular in the pursuit of their convictions. They tried to lead, even at moments when they had few followers behind them. From their convictions and their determination to tell the truth, rather than their power of the moment, they drew their journalistic strength. Such devotion to independent newspapering—when they were right and when they were wrong—immeasurably enriched not only U.S. journalism but the pursuit of the news and truth everywhere.

The Colonel

As ruler of a paper that historians have called "one of the most powerful journalistic voices of the past hundred years," Colonel Robert Rutherford ("Bertie") McCormick commanded the No. 1 fortress of personal, daily journalism in the U.S. He put the mark of his eccentric, sometimes pugnacious personality into every

column of the *Tribune*. His skillful and intensely opinionated brand of newspapering might often be wrong, but it was never dull. Even those who violently disagreed with what the *Trib* said in its news and editorial columns candidly admitted that no one said it with more bounce and bite. In the 41 years that he ran the *Trib*, the Colonel turned it into one of the most readable newspapers in the world, increased its circulation from 261,278 to a peak of 1,076,866, and made it the biggest moneymaker among U.S. newspapers.

Under his benevolent dictatorship, the *Trib*'s 4,700 well-paid employees learned to expect from their boss the best in office housing and printing equipment. He even provided for his staff in case of an atomic attack, set aside a deep basement of Tribune Tower as a bombproof shelter stocked with cans of pineapple. Characteristically, he announced: "The best remedy for radium burns is pineapple juice."

Signed: RRMCC. Colonel McCormick's real journalistic achievements were often lost in the tidal waves of vituperation that crashed around (but never engulfed) his tower fortress on North Michigan Avenue. In a 1936 poll of Washington correspondents, the *Tribune* was placed among the "least fair and reliable" newspapers in the U.S.; others denounced it as a "ceaseless drip of poison."

McCormick himself was damned as an "Anglophobic, isolationist crackpot," and the "greatest mind of the 14th century." Once he had the dubious honor of being named No. 1 in a U.S. "hall of fame" by Rabbie-Rouser Gerald L. K. Smith. In Europe McCormick was almost as well known as Senator McCarthy. But midst the crossfire, the Colonel, erect (6 ft. 4 in., 200 lbs.) and proud, had a simple way of summarizing his rank and station: "I'm

* Joseph Pulitzer II, IV, and III, with portrait of Joseph Pulitzer I.



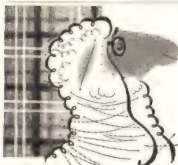
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the publisher of the World's Greatest Newspaper."

He rarely visited the *Trib's* enormous city room, and when he did, he was often followed by his German shepherd dogs. From his huge, marble-topped desk in the *Trib's* Gothic tower, he bombarded his staff with memos signed "RRMcC." They ranged over thousands of subjects, from international political skulduggery to the most nonsensical trivia. "Everyone should be interested to know how hard a lobster pinches," the Colonel once scribbled. "Crabs, clams, oysters. This information should be easy to get. I suppose."

When he concluded that the sap rises in trees because the spring wind causes a pumping action in the branches, a staffer, missing the chance for an argument-provoking essay in pseudo science, made the mistake of writing a *Trib* story setting out the scientific facts. The Colonel noted: "Our sap expert missed a trick."

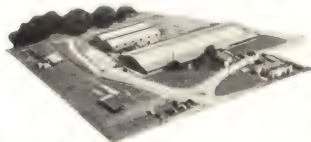
After one of his daily trips to his home in suburban Wheaton in his bulletproof Rolls-Royce, strapped to the seat with a safety belt, he rightly decided the highways around Chicago were too narrow. Out went an order: "Please see that our radial highways into Chicago are widened to 10 ft." The *Trib* launched a campaign, and the Illinois legislature authorized a \$10 million bond issue to improve the roads.

The rare staffer who strayed out of line was quick to hear about it. In the early days of World War II, Edmond Taylor, the *Trib's* Paris chief, suggested that Russian-German collaboration could lead to an attack on Rumania. The Colonel cabled right back: "Your fantastic Rumanian story; hysterical tone . . . are [a victim] of mass psychosis and are hysterically trying to drag the U.S. into war. Suggest you join Foreign Legion or else take rest cure in sanitarium." (Taylor quit.) No task was too small or too big for his staff. After the *Trib* carried the news of the first A-bomb dropped on Japan, the Colonel tore out the Page One banner and sent it to an assistant with a note: "Find a remedy for this."

Occasionally, he would overlook a story and ask for it again. Instead of replying with a clipping, a reporter would rewrite the story, and the *Trib* would print it—sometimes as many as three times until it caught the Colonel's eye. "When the Colonel asks for a drink of water," explained onetime Managing Editor J. Loy Maloney, "we turn the fire hose on him."

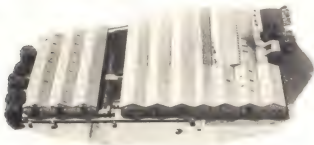
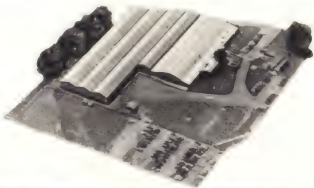
The Subservient East. The hose was turned on full force to satisfy the Colonel's political whims. He carried his vendetta against the New Deal to every member of the Roosevelt family, once headlined across five columns of Page One: **REVOKE MRS. F.D.R.'S DRIVING LICENSE.** The *Trib*, he was fond of saying, "is an American newspaper for Americans." One way he put this dictum into force was by banning all titles of nobility from the paper. A literal-minded editorial writer promptly referred to the British "House of L-s." The Colonel's distrust of anyone east of the Alleghenies blossomed into

SUCCESS STORY:



Mushrooming post-war expansion in the great Southwest market turned into a manufacturers' race to stock dealers and provide adequate service. Lennox Furnace Company obtained an existing building in strategic Fort Worth, Texas, to keep furnaces and air conditioning equipment flowing to their Southwest customers. In 1948 orders outstripped capacity, and Lennox Furnace Company expanded into a 10,000-square foot Butler steel building.

Expansion was the order of the day for Lennox in following years. To keep construction from bottlenecking production and shipment, they standardized on Butler steel buildings and expanded *six times!* Butler buildings could be bolt-assembled in a matter of days—expanded quickly—used equally well for production or warehousing. By 1952 their Butler buildings were housing the bulk of Lennox Ft. Worth plant and warehouse facilities. Butler buildings are production tools at Lennox because they permit maximum production mobility.



In Butler post-free, truss-free interiors entire production lines are reorganized up to 4 or 5 times a year. Huge presses and conveyor systems are sometimes shifted overnight to minimize downtime on production changes. Butler buildings played an important part in maintaining the steady deliveries and good service to customers that have established Lennox leadership. During this period of amazing growth Lennox added the 100,000 sq. ft. of Butler covered facilities pictured at left.



Learn — as Lennox did — why Butler steel buildings give you advantages no other building can offer. Before you build, investigate the Butler Building System. Mail coupon today for free illustrated catalog and the name of your nearest Butler Builder.



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hundreds of RRMCC stories under headlines such as CUBISTIC ALIENS PUZZLE HOOSIER VISITORS IN N.Y.; FURTIVE FACES IN CROWDS AROUSE DISTRUST.

He also heaped his scorn on: the Marshall Plan ("To hell with [it]. It's really a snob plan"), President Dwight Eisenhower ("I Too Ike"), Tom Dewey ("Buster Dewey, the cheap trickster"), the United Nations ("Anyone who speaks up for [it] is obviously either a Communist or misinformed"). Before the 1952 election, he advised *Trib* readers to vote for neither presidential candidate, formed the American Party to support such "patriotic candidates" as Senators McCarthy, Cain and Jenner.

Feet off Desk. Bertie McCormick seemed to have come by his autocratic, opinionated ways by inheritance. His grandfather, Joseph Medill, one of the founders of the Republican Party, once characteristically hollered at Congressman Abe Lincoln "Take your goddamned feet off my desk, Abe." (The Colonel enforced his own *Trib* ban against feet on the desk.) Unlike his grandson, Medill led public opinion in the U.S. Almost single-handed, he assured Lincoln's nomination for the presidency. Then, with the power of his *Trib*, he swung Midwestern opinion in support of Lincoln in the election of 1860, forcibly preached the abolition of slavery. (He advised hotheaded Southern editors to "take the ice out of their juleps and put it on their heads.")

When Medill died in 1899, he left a \$130 million estate, and the editorship of the *Trib* fell to Robert Patterson, Medill's son-in-law and uncle of Robert McCormick. When Patterson died suddenly, a group of stockholders had about decided to sell the *Trib* to a publishing rival when young Robert McCormick stepped in. He persuaded them to keep the *Tribune* in the family. From 1914 on, he and his cousin, Joseph Medill Patterson, took complete charge of the *Trib*.

At 34, when he and Patterson became active co-editors and co-publishers of the *Trib*, Bertie McCormick was a strapping, blue-eyed young man with an air of Old World gallantry, a feeling of noble obligation and a love for the military. He had gone to grade school in England, graduated from Groton one form ahead of his arch-enemy-to-be, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. After Yale ('03) he moved into Chicago's swank Union Club and began law courses at Northwestern ("They had a lot of Yalemen on the Supreme Court about then, and we got the idea that it was the thing to do").

When Bertie and Joe Patterson took over the "World's Greatest Newspaper," they set out to make the paper's slogan come true. They lived up the *Trib* with crusades against crime and political corruption, lured in more readers with some of the first serial comic strips (*Moon Mullins*, *The Gumps*, *Little Orphan Annie*) ever printed in a U.S. daily. They watched the paper's circulation and profits soar, bought vast Canadian pulp forests and a fleet of vessels that still supply the *Trib* with paper. But the cousins seldom



New York's biggest party place

Square at the crossroads of the world, where Broadway and Times Square light the marqueses of New York's theatreland, stands the hotel long known majestically as "the Astor." Last fall it became "the Sheraton-Astor." Immediately began the refurbishing of the Presidential Suite with Early American furniture and even a rare gilding book or two.

The hotel has house-guested high-level visitors of all kinds, including six U. S. Presidents, five of its top generals. Distinguished visitors come here for the city's biggest banquets. Many of these are held at the Sheraton-Astor as a matter of course because its ballroom is New York's largest. (Now being redecorated, it will soon be New York's finest, too.) Because it's ingeniously planned, affairs of all sizes come off with aplomb.

Other new names with Sheraton

New York's Sheraton-Astor joins other distinguished names in the fast-growing family of Sheraton Hotels. Among the newest members are the Palace in San Francisco—now the Sheraton-Palace; the Huntington in Pasadena-Los Angeles, now the Huntington-Sheraton; the Blackstone in Chicago, now the Sheraton-Blackstone.

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Sheraton-Astor, New York. Authentic Early American furniture, including Queen Anne low-boy, Sheraton sofas, a Chippendale chest—even a chair Washington once owned—distinguish this magnificent suite, at the very crossroads of the world.

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THE NEW PACKARD "FOUR HUNDRED"

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in the new Packard you see the road but never feel it!

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THE TRIBUNE'S CAMPBELL, WOOD & MAXWELL
They turned on the fire hose.

saw eye to eye. Though he bitterly condemned the idle rich, Bertie reveled in his own aristocratic background; Patterson, a turtle-neck sweater man at heart, rebelled against it, became an active Socialist. While he rode the streetcars of Chicago, rubbing shoulders with his readers, cousin Bertie rode to hounds.

Wine of Death. During World War I McCormick, an Illinois National Guard officer, and cousin Joe Patterson went overseas. (Wrote McCormick later: "I have tasted the wine of death, and its flavor will be forever in my throat".) At war's end Captain Patterson and Colonel McCormick launched the *Daily News* in New York. A few years later the cousins split; Patterson began to run the *News* alone, and McCormick bossed the *Trib*.

In the far-ranging territory that he called "Chicagoland," the Colonel made the *Trib* indispensable reading for its comprehensive news coverage, crusades and top features. He never let Chicago forget who ran the *Trib*. Over the paper's radio station, WGN, the Colonel gave weekly talks on his pet projects, peevish and successes, notably as a military man. He even claimed credit for introducing the U.S. Army to such improvements as the machine gun, the automatic rifle and mechanized warfare. During the 75th anniversary celebration of the *Trib* in 1922 the paper blared: "Homer would have liked to work on the *Tribune* . . . So would Horace . . . Balzac, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Dickens, Hardy, Kipling and Mark Twain."

Often the Colonel's outrageous political views were mistaken for the authentic voice of the Midwest. Actually, the Colonel was a lonely figure politically. In Cook County, the heart of Chicagoland, the voters remained solidly Democratic. Democrat Adlai Stevenson, fiercely opposed by the *Trib*, was elected governor of Illinois and Paul Douglas, whom the

Trib also damned, easily beat the Colonel's own candidate C. Wayland ("Curly") Brooks in the 1948 Senate race. Nationally, such McCormick presidential choices as Taft and MacArthur never even were nominated. In recent years the *Trib* seemed to move more and more to the Colonel's odd political cadences. Maryland McCormick, the Colonel's handsome, outspoken second wife (his first died in 1910), once described the Colonel's biggest weakness. Said she: "The odds seem to be against the extreme right wing. Very sad, but true, and why not face it?"

The political power of the *Trib* has slipped, along with its circulation which is down 17% in the past eight years. When the Colonel tried to invade Washington by buying the *Times-Herald* ("To take Americanism into the national capital"), the paper was a failure, and finally had to be sold to the international-minded *Washington Post* (TIME, March 29, 1954). The Colonel's political sympathizers were outraged by the sale, but he characteristically explained that *Post* Chairman Eugene Meyer was a good "professional" newspaperman, and he did not want to sell to "amateurs."

The Heirs. Who will take over the empire that Colonel McCormick built? The Colonel ran the *Trib* as trustee for the 1,050 shares in the McCormick-Patterson Trust of the Tribune Co.'s 2,000 shares of stock (valued at \$42,000 a share).^{*} The Colonel, who was the largest single stockholder, voted the other shares held by family stockholders such as his niece, "Bazy" Miller Tankersley, former *Washington Times-Herald* editor, and his cousin, Alicia Patterson, publisher of Long Island's *Newsday*, the bright

^{*} Many of the shares of stock held outside the McCormick-Patterson Trust are scattered among the estates of former *Trib* executives and employees. The Colonel also held proxies for many of them.

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journalistic star of the fourth generation of the dynasty.

But at week's end, as they awaited the reading of the Colonel's last instructions, none of the family stockholders was expected to take over the *Trib*. Instead, it was predicted that the *Trib* would be controlled, like the *New York Daily News*, by the family trustees and the paper's top executives. Three top executives: Chesser Campbell, 57, vice president of the Tribune Co.; Don Maxwell, 54, the paper's managing editor; and J. Howard Wood, 54, former financial editor and now business manager. Working with the trustees, they are expected to be in day-to-day command. And no matter how hard they try, the *Trib* will undoubtedly lose much of its bite and flavor. No one can take the place of Robert Rutherford McCormick.

His Father's Son

As a young man, Joseph Pulitzer II was a great disappointment to his father. Joseph Pulitzer I was not an easy father to satisfy. Founder of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and later the *New York World*, he felt that his son had not inherited his journalistic talent, never concealed his disappointment in "Young Joe." He took him from Harvard in the middle of his second year and, instead of training him at his side on the *New York World*, sent him to St. Louis with a characteristically sharp note to his editor, George S. Johns: "This is my son Joseph. Will you try to knock some newspaper sense into his head?"

Hearst of Boy. In St. Louis, Young Joe had the best tutor in the newspaper business: the *P-D*'s late Managing Editor O.K. (for Oliver Kirby) Bovard, whom his staff reverently called a "one-man school of journalism." Young Joe showed early signs of his father's spunkiness. Once he encountered the awesome figure of Publisher William Randolph Hearst passing through the paper's offices. Young Joe, strapping (6 ft. 1 in.) and just 21, had never met Hearst before. He walked up, introduced himself, and asked Hearst whether he had meant all the criticism he had voiced of Joe's father while Hearst was running for governor of New York. Replied Publisher Hearst: "I usually mean what I say." Without another word, Young Joe punched Hearst in the midriff, had to be pulled away by *P-D* staffers who broke up the fight.

Joe Pulitzer's feeling for newspapering was almost as strong as his feelings of family loyalty. Bovard reported to old J.P. in New York "His news instinct is keen and broad." But old J.P. never believed it. At his death in 1911, he left four-fifths of his estate to his favored sons, Herbert and Ralph,* who took control of his bigger daily, the *New York World*. To Young Joe he willed only one-tenth of his estate. Within a year, at 27, Young Joe became president and publisher

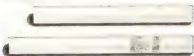
* Who in 1911 sold the *World* to Scripps-Hoover. Ralph Pulitzer died in 1930. Herbert is now out of the newspaper business, lives in Palm Beach, Fla.

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FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING



of the *P-D*, in which the elder Pulitzer had only had a secondary interest.

The new "J.P." took over the reins slowly. At first, his memos to staffers—always written on slips of yellow paper—tentatively began: "Forgive me for suggesting . . ." or "It is only my impression . . ." but gradually he got some of the assurance and command of his father. He also developed his physical infirmity—a disease of the optic nerve. In time, young J.P. lost the sight of one eye completely, gradually lost 80% vision in the other. Like his father, he had three full-time secretaries, who read to him as much as eight and nine hours a day, going through almost every line of the *P-D*, including the ads.

The Great Crusader. With Bovard leading the way, J.P. developed the *P-D*'s crusading zeal into a legend. The paper exposed the Teapot Dome scandals, kept an increasing watchout for city and state corruption. In the mid-'30s Pulitzer began to "modernize" the paper, with new features, more comics and other innovations that Bovard objected to. They also differed over the New Deal editorials of the paper, and in 1936 Pulitzer put the paper behind London. In 1938 Bovard dramatically quit.

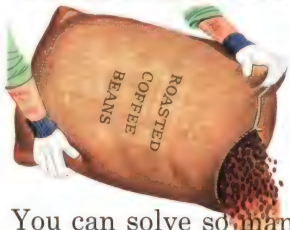
Pulitzer quickly proved that he had learned his lessons well. The paper went on to expose the corrupt business practices of the Union Electric Co. of Missouri. J.P. himself ordered his staff to find out who was responsible for the 1947 Centralia (Ill.) mine disaster in which 111 miners were killed. Result: a memorable series that led to a federal mine-safety law. Altogether, J.P.'s paper won five of the Pulitzer Prizes for "meritorious public service" that had been created in his father's will. (He always withdrew from the awards committee when the *P-D* was a candidate.) Individual *P-D* staffers themselves collected another six Pulitzer Prizes.

The *P-D*'s New Deal editorials often zigzagged across party lines in the spirit of liberal independence that J.P. prized above all. No party or politician could count on the paper's support. Its circulation grew as fast as its reputation. Its profits soared above the \$1,000,000 mark after taxes for many years.

Heart at Home. But Publisher Pulitzer's chief interest was not profits. Last week when he died, the *P-D* printed an obituary that he himself had edited before his death. Said the Page One obituary: "His heart was more at home in the editorial sanctum than in the counting room."

Into his place at the *Post-Dispatch* went his son, Joseph Pulitzer III, 41, a Harvard graduate ('36) and a former Navy intelligence officer (lieutenant). He has worked in every editorial department of the paper. So far, he has shown no more talent for newspapering than his father had shown when he took over the paper 43 years ago. But for the new "J.P.," running the *P-D* is a matter of family tradition. Says New Publisher Pulitzer: "I want to do exactly what my father did."

Coffee in Zippered Bags—Bemis is making zippered shipping bags that can be used up to sixty round trips and more. A regional coffee company, shipping fresh roasted beans to plants over 100 miles away, cut container costs to about 2½¢ per trip. And the waterproof bags preserve all of the important coffee flavor.



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Here's how it works: A blowpipe burner, suspended from a long tube, combines oxygen with kerosene to create a jet-like flame of well over 3000° F. This searing heat causes great thermal stresses that crumble the rock into fine particles. Water cools the burner, then is ejected into the hole to become steam that blows the particles to the surface.

Difficult problem for the designers was supplying the fuels to the burner in the hole. A flexible hose was the only answer. But every hose they tried *failed in a day, or less*, from exposure to the rugged combination of steam, kerosene, oxygen and severe abrasion, by red-hot rock particles.

Their troubles ended, however, when the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—stepped in and recommended EMERALD CORD HOSE. This super-tough, oil-resistant hose takes the rough

treatment in stride—*lasts for months*—is now included in the specifications.

Your hose problems, too, can be similarly solved by the G.T.M. He has over 800 types of hose in actual production, hundreds more in his specifications and under development. For the right hose on any job, see the G.T.M., your Goodyear Distributor or contact:

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YOUR GOODYEAR DISTRIBUTOR can quickly supply you with Hose, Flat Belts, V-Belts, Packing or Rolls. Look for him in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory under "Rubber Products" or "Rubber Goods."



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Why are they faster? How do they do so much? Let us explain:

First of all, Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines are built with an *exclusive mechanism*—an interchangeable "sensing panel" that guides each movement. With it, they're more automatic, and thus faster on any job. And, each panel lets you do four major jobs at the turn of a knob.

For Hershey, the speed of these machines means greater output with

fewer people—on a large volume of accounting. . . . For Bennett, a single Sensimatic is a jack-of-all-jobs. It's the only accounting machine he needs.

Now—how about *you*? For a Sensimatic demonstration (they're in six series, from two to 19 totals) call our nearest office. Burroughs Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan.

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SCIENCE

Diggers

Workshop of Phidias. At Olympia in the Peloponnese, site of the original Olympic games, stood one of the most magnificent spectacles of the classical world. The great statue of Zeus by Phidias was almost 40 ft. high, and it showed the god sitting benignly on a golden throne. His face and chest were ivory, and his garment was of beaten gold. Everybody in Greece who claimed to be anybody went to admire the statue and came away ecstatic, and many writers described it, but modern scholars are not sure exactly what it looked like. No bit of it has survived. Last week Dr. Emil Kunze of the German Archaeological Institute told about a find



PHIDIAS' ZEUS

For everybody who was anybody.

that may prove almost as good as actual fragments of the statue.

A few months ago Dr. Kunze and his assistants turned 100 Greek laborers loose on a piece of ground at Olympia that is called "Phidias' workshop" because of a vague belief that the statue of Zeus was made there. Nothing of interest showed at the surface, but about eight feet down the diggers hit odd-shaped objects of baked clay. They were like nothing ever found before, and no two were alike. They varied in size from a few inches across to more than 18 inches. Their edges were reinforced with iron, and the bigger ones had iron bars strengthening their backs. As the learned Germans studied these unlovely things, they began to realize with growing excitement that they had probably stumbled on the molds used by Phidias nearly 2,400 years ago for shaping the great statue. Discarded outside the workshop, they had no interest for Greece's barbarian conquerors, so they survived while the statue itself was destroyed for the sake of its precious materials.

Dr. Kunze believes that the statue was

made largely of sheet-gold supported on a wooden framework. Phidias probably fashioned a model out of clay. From it he took clay negatives of the parts that were to be made of gold. When these were baked and reinforced with iron, goldsmiths could hammer their metal into them, reproducing faithfully the shape of the model. Along with the molds were found chisels and hammers of the type used by goldsmiths of the period.

The digging in Phidias' workshop has stopped until next fall, with much ground still untouched. Dr. Kunze is sure that he will find more molds. He does not think he can use them to reproduce the entire statue of Zeus, but he hopes that they will reveal what parts of it looked like.

The Talking Boards. Another learned German attacked another mystery. The strange written language of Easter Island, in the South Pacific. The island's most famous feature is its great stone statues, of unknown workmanship, that stare out to sea with thin-lipped scorn, but scholars are even more fascinated by the "talking boards": pieces of wood carved with close-packed characters.

Modern Easter Islanders cannot read their talking boards. About the only clue to their meaning was a "dictionary" compiled by Father Jausen, a French missionary priest. In the 1860s Missionary Jausen found an old man named Metoro who chanted a "translation" of a few of the boards. For 90 years scholars have tried to use the dictionary based on Metoro's chants as a key to the Easter Island written language. There seemed to be some connection between the chanted words and the carved symbols, but never enough to solve the problem. Some of the scholars predicted that the talking boards would remain silent forever.

Two years ago Dr. Thomas Barthel, a young German scholar, decided that the source of the trouble might be Father Jausen's dictionary. After long correspondence with ecclesiastical authorities, he found Father Jausen's documents stored near Rome. Among them was the original notebook containing the words taken down from the lips of Metoro. When Barthel compared it to the dictionary, he saw why all the other scholars had gone wrong. Metoro had apparently done some guessing about the meaning of the symbols, and Father Jausen, not much of a philologist, had worsened the confusion when he compiled the dictionary.

Armed with the original notes, Dr. Barthel attacked the talking boards, and soon their symbols began to make at least a little sense. They are intermediate between picture writing and a real alphabet, and are concerned chiefly with the ancient religious traditions of the Easter Islanders.

Dr. Barthel has translated so far about one-third of the inscriptions without finding any reference to the stone statues. He has learned, however, that the Easter Islanders came from an island called Rangi Tea. He suspects that the script was

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Almost seventy years later I find myself and my business fitting into the second line of that familiar old ditty, which reads—"... whence all but he had fled."

The particular specialty of our small family distillery is one bourbon made in the original, slow, costly sour mash manner.

The deck is pretty well cleared of folks with our one-track mind.

We offer our specialty, Old Fitzgerald at one proof only — 100. As such, every drop is Bottled-in-Bond, under strict supervision of the Federal Government.

Here again we have the deck pretty much to ourselves.

It takes a certain amount of stubborn courage to stick to a distilling principle once you've set your teeth into it.

But we do not bottle Old Fitzgerald at a "junior" proof. So long as I'm around we never will. I want no customer of mine to be confused when he orders my specialty at his tavern, store or club.

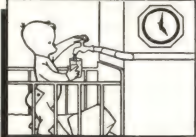
Old Fitzgerald is made to accommodate the man who knows how real Kentucky Bourbon ought to taste, not watered down to accommodate a popular price.

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invented there by an unusually clever priest of the ancient religion, who recognized the power of this new intellectual tool and therefore taught it to only a few friends. Perhaps the initiates, guarding their secret, emigrated as a group. This would explain why, in the South Pacific, only Easter Island had a system of writing.

The Wobbly Earth

To the run of men, the earth seems to rotate with trustworthy steadiness. Astronomers know better. Observed with their sharp-eyed instruments, the earth's rotation is a wobbly business. In *Nature*, Astronomer T. Gold of Britain's Royal Greenwich Observatory tells how he took the wobble apart and used it to show, among other things, how Antarctica may have got its deposits of coal.

Most of the earth's wobbling is a grand motion that makes its axis describe a 23°



ASTRONOMER GOLD
Will the North Pole reach Japan?

come once every 16,000 years. This precession is caused by the pull of the sun and the moon acting on the slightly non-spherical shape of the earth. Superimposed is a subtler wobble. The axis keeps steady in space, but over an uneven period of about one year, the bulk of the earth moves slightly in relation to the axis.

Gold uses this motion to show that any departure of the earth from its normal axis makes the earth's material flow plastically. The flowing "damps" the motion and keeps it from continuing for more than a small fraction of 1°. Having proved this to his satisfaction, Gold constructed a high, wide and handsome theory.

Beetle v. Geoid. If the earth were a perfect sphere, he says, it would not be stable on its axis. The "smallest beetle crawling over it would change the axis of rotation in relation to markings on the sphere" because there would be no force to resist the kickback of the beetle's crawling. But the earth is not a perfect

STRONGEST!

...LASTS LONGEST!



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The world's fastest operational bombers

These Boeing B-47 Stratojets were photographed during a nonstop flight from an overseas assignment to their base in the U. S. Such flights, refueled by Boeing KC-97 aerial tankers, typify the global mobility of the Strategic Air Command.

The B-47 is America's front-line, high-altitude nuclear weapons carrier, and the standard medium jet bomber of the U. S. Air Force.

A product of advanced Boeing engineering, the Stratojet has, since its earliest days, set new performance records for jet-age bombers. The

latest was a nonstop flight, with aerial refueling, of 47 hours, 35 minutes. During this flight the B-47 covered 21,000 miles, the equivalent of four-fifths the distance around the world.

Since the first production model rolled out in March, 1950, more than 1,000 Stratojets have been produced by Boeing's Wichita Division alone. Output has been as high as one per working day. Experienced manpower, extensive facilities and advanced management techniques enable Boeing to produce the B-47

with fewer man-hours per pound of airframe than were required for the earlier, much less complex B-29 of World War II.

While manufacturing fleets of B-47s, Boeing at the same time developed two other revolutionary airplanes, the great B-52 global jet, now in production in Seattle, and America's first jet transport prototype, the Boeing 707. The Air Force recently announced its decision to standardize on the tanker version of this aircraft—the KC-135—with the placing of substantial orders.

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BOEING



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1955 is the 50th Anniversary of the U. S. Forest Service, with which we have worked for half a century on behalf of a common cause: Forests for the Future.



CROWN ZELLERBACH

PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870

sphere; it is a geoid slightly flattened at the poles by the centrifugal force of its rotation. So it spins like a fat flywheel on the short axis between the poles.

But what if the shape changes because of the rise of mountains or the accumulation of glacial ice? In this case, says Gold, the axis will shift to take account of the new distribution of mass. Slowly, the plastic earth will swell in the proper places to make itself a geoid again. When this process is complete, it will settle down with its North and South Poles in new places. Gold figures that modest crustal changes could make the earth turn 90° in less than 1,000,000 years, relocating its poles on its former equator.

Trapped Axis. According to one school of geology, something of the sort may have happened many times already. The shift of the poles would explain remains of tropical vegetation found near the present poles and signs of glaciation found in the present tropics. Another proof: the magnetic particles in many ancient rocks do not point toward the present magnetic poles (TIME, Sept. 27).

Gold finds it somewhat harder to explain why the earth's axis is not migrating appreciably at present. He suspects that it may have been caught in a "trap." The axis tends to shift, he thinks, toward the region where glacial ice is melting fastest, moving one of the poles toward that same region. The climate there gets colder. The glaciers grow thicker. Then the axis and the pole move slowly back again.

Gold does not guess how long the trap will hold the axis. Eventually, he suspects, it will break away and carry the cold of the North Pole to Mexico or Japan.

The Stapp

Aviation medicine has long felt the need for a new unit to express the force of one G (the acceleration of gravity) acting on a body for one second. At Holloman Air Development Center, New Mexico, where men are exposed to Gs for experimental purposes, the experimenters got in the habit of calling the needed unit a "jerk" or "jolt." A man who had taken four Gs for 20 seconds, for instance, was said to have taken 80 jolts.

The name was handy, but some men felt that they were neglecting a fine opportunity to honor Lieut. Colonel John Paul Stapp (TIME, Jan. 10), the flight-surgeon rider on Holloman's terrifying rocket sled, who has probably taken more jolts than any other man. Now a new name for the new unit—the "stapp"—is well established. Colonel Stapp has joined the select company of men, e.g., Watt, Volta, Ampère,* whose names have been given to a physical unit of measurement.

* French Physicist André Marie Ampère (1775-1836) worked out many of the laws of electromagnetism; Italian Physicist Alessandro Volta (1745-1827) is famous chiefly for inventing the "voltaic pile," a primitive electric battery; Scottish Engineer James Watt (1736-1819) had little to do with electricity, but he designed the effective steam engine that would generate electricity when generators were invented.



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Canada, or the United States—is a more gentle tasting whisky distilled"

Embassy



Club

Fine Whisky, 8 years old



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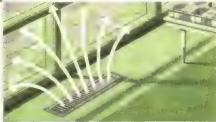
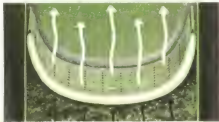
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Tired of that fussy old furnace? Go modern! Lennox Perima-80 puts a curtain of warm air between you and the weather. Air is automatically heated, purified, filtered clean, humidified, gently circulated.

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Not in just one or two rooms, but in *every* room! Lennox *central* air conditioning, installed alone or with a forced air heating system, gives a *house full* of summer comfort. Water-cooled or air-cooled units.



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Exclusive Lennox hammock filter has millions more dust traps to eliminate up to 70% of air-borne dust. DUSTGARD seal checks leak-through of unfiltered air. A cleaner home, less housework, lower cleaning bills.

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MEDICINE

Double Thais

The "Siamese twins" on the operating table in the University of Chicago's Billings Hospital last week were, for a change, truly Siamese.* Prissana and Napit Polpinyo, aged 22 months, were the daughters of a couple who both teach in a village school. They were joined from breastbone to navel by a band, six inches in diameter, of bone, muscle and flesh. At the suggestion of Obstetrician George Callahan of Waukegan, who saw them in Thailand last year, the twins were flown to Chicago for study and possible operation.

Tests showed that although there was an opening through which organs could "migrate" from one child's abdominal cavity to the other's, the only vital link was at their livers. These were fused into one large organ, but each child had normal

that they be put in the same bed, to guard against the emotional shock they might suffer on waking from the anesthetic and finding themselves separated. She was right: the first twin to regain consciousness immediately reached for her sister, then searched until she was moved around and found her at the opposite end of the bed. This week, the danger that the doctors had feared—peritonitis, from seepage of bile into the abdominal cavity—seemed to have passed, and the Thai twins, no longer "Siamese," were doing fine.

Vaccine Verdict

How good is the Salk polio vaccine? So far, nobody knows the answer in detail, but there is enough evidence to show that the vaccine works on the great majority of subjects.

At the University of Michigan, 144



NURSE KARSEMSAK & X RAYS OF SIAMESE TWINS
The migration ended.

bile ducts and gall bladder connections. This greatly simplified the task of the operating team, headed by Surgeon Lester R. Dragstedt.

Under ether, the breastbone linkage was removed. Then the liver was simply cut in two. Until recent years, this would have been highly hazardous because of the tendency to excessive bleeding. Dr. Dragstedt's team plastered the cut surfaces of liver with Gelfoam and stitched it lightly to the liver tissue. This would prevent all but light bleeding, and absorb the rest.

Prissana and Napit came through the 3½-hour operation in good condition, and were wheeled to the recovery room. There, Nurse Jirapon Karsensak (who had accompanied them from Bangkok) suggested

million facts yielded by last year's nationwide tests have been recorded on IBM punch cards, but they are still so divided that no individual worker last week could see the answer. This had to wait until the boss evaluator, Dr. Thomas Francis Jr., gave the word to run all the cards through the machine. But the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis tipped its hand when it set April 12 for Dr. Francis to announce his findings. That is the tenth anniversary of the death of polio's most famed victim, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and the foundation would hardly have picked that date to break bad news. Parke, Davis & Co. loosed other straws that showed the wind was blowing toward a favorable report: it staged a celebration in Joliet, Ill., where townspeople had cooperated in a small-scale test of vaccine manufactured by the Detroit drug house.

Parke, Davis also announced that on May 1 it would begin manufacturing the vaccine for sale to physicians, since by then the company will have fulfilled its quota for the National Foundation. (The three-shot series of vaccinations will sell for \$6, to which doctors can add a fee for giving the injections.) Five other manufacturers have virtually finished making their share of the vaccine that the foundation ordered for its \$9,000,000 bet in the winter book. Most will also be ready with shots for private sale as soon as they can get approval from the federal Laboratory of Biologics Control—which can be expected within hours after Dr. Francis announces his verdict.

Newspapers last week broke out in banner lines such as the *New York World-Telegram* and *Sun*'s SALK SHOTS PREVENTED POLIO IN EVERY U.S. CHILD TESTED. This assertion was patently wrong, for in at least four states where there was no doubt that children got the real vaccine (no dummy shots) health officers admitted that some of the vaccinated had developed polio, including some paralytic cases. How many there were among the 440,000 children in 44 states—or how much the vaccine fell short of 100% success—was still the secret of Dr. Francis' IBM cards.

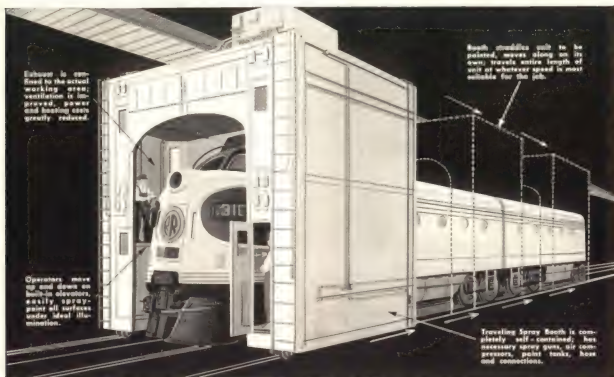
Capsules

¶ A major extension of insurance to cover long-term illnesses now excluded was approved at a joint Chicago meeting of Blue Cross (hospitalization) and Blue Shield (medical care) representatives. By year's end, most of the autonomous local plans are expected to offer combination policies (for extra premiums of about \$1 a month for an individual, \$2 to \$3 for a family) to provide up to two years of care for long-lasting disorders now excluded, e.g., mental illness, tuberculosis, incurable cancer, alcoholism. Most plans now exclude these illnesses, and limit protection to about 70 days' care for acute conditions. Policyholders will still have to pay 20% of the costs out of their own pockets.

¶ Patients are "alarmed by the confusion and the cost of a system in which the doctor competes with the hospital for the patient's pocketbook," Dr. Basil C. MacLean, New York City Commissioner of Hospitals, told the New England Hospital Assembly in Boston. Furthermore, said MacLean, some hospitals seem "to be designed on the pattern of a clip-joint nightclub," charging as much as 60¢ for a couple of aspirin tablets that they buy at 60¢ per 1,000. "If the voluntary hospital system is to continue," warned MacLean, "shock therapy is needed to cure it of its schizophrenia."

¶ Beer drinkers who have always argued that their favorite beverage is a "food" and full of health-giving nutrients found academically respectable confirmation in a book by German Physiologist Wilhelm Stepp. A quart of beer from his area, said Dr. Stepp, contains at least a man's daily requirements of several B vitamins, plus phosphorus and amino acids. Dr. Stepp practices in Munich.

* The original "Siamese" twins, Chang and Eng, though born in Thailand (Siam) in 1811, had a Chinese father and half-Chinese mother.



Traveling "beauty shop" for trains, planes, and buses

Ever wonder if there was a better way to paint a train, streetcar, or other large vehicle? DeVilbiss engineers did. Here's the mechanical marvel they came up with—the DeVilbiss Traveling Spray Booth!

LOCOMOTIVES used to be painted much the same way you'd paint a house—that is, with scaffolding and ladders which were moved up and down and around until the job was finished—a costly and time-consuming way.

Above, you'll see how the method has changed. The unique DeVilbiss Traveling Spray Booth straddles the locomotive (or any large conveyance, such as an airplane, boxcar, bus, or streetcar) to be painted. It moves along while painters, standing on built-in

elevators, easily spray all surfaces. Users report big savings. Up to: 80% in space used, 85% in costs, 50% in painting time.

The Traveling Spray Booth is only one of hundreds of cost-saving and timesaving ideas DeVilbiss has to offer you if you use spray guns, spray booths, air compressors, hose, or hose connections. Call our nearest branch office, or write direct, to have a DeVilbiss engineer analyze your operations for the possibilities of saving you needless expenses.

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RELIGION

Laborare Est Orare

(See Cover)

Hong Kong had 1,100 baptisms at Easter, of whom our sisters prepared 458.

—Sister Rosalia

Hong Kong

Ninety-six adult baptisms this morning at the mission church. In about three days some 40 children and babies will follow their parents into the Church.

—Sister Margaret Rose

Kowak, Tanganyika, Africa

Our first group of new Catholics was formed this morning as 24 received the sacrament of baptism.

—Sister Rita Marie

Misaki, Formosa

Six of our big boys baptized today.

—Sister Jane Dolores

Mulabon, Philippines

Such reports, and hundreds of others, flow every week into an uncarpeted, buff-walled office overlooking the Hudson River, 32 miles north of the George Washington Bridge. At her plain desk a kindly looking woman with china-blue eyes and a no-nonsense way of handling paperwork sifts the reports, ponders, scribbles notations. On her decisions depends the deployment of a worldwide spiritual army. Her title is appropriate to the task: she is Mother General Mary Columba, 63, of the Maryknoll Sisters of St. Dominic, head of the U.S.'s biggest, most active Roman Catholic women's missionary order. She is also a symbol of a remarkable 20th century fact: monastic orders are booming, especially in the U.S.

Fascinating Marriage. Mother Mary Columba's army stretches from Peru to the Caroline Islands in the western Pacific, from Korea to Manhattan's Chinatown. Among her 1,127 sisters are eleven physicians, 118 trained nurses, 330 teachers (with a heavy sprinkling of Ph.D.s) as well as social workers, pharmacists, stenographers, cooks. They teach school in an abandoned Navy Ounsoet hut on Palau, and in a fine, modern, brick building in Lima, Peru. On Africa's Gold Coast they treat patients who are brought to them through the jungle on homemade stretchers, and in San Francisco they give psychiatric advice to troubled Negroes and Chinese. The yearly illustrated bulletin that reports the departure of a new detail of missionary sisters (last year's headline: FIFTY MORE IN FIFTY-FOUR) usually carries the photographs of young, remarkably handsome girls smiling under their black, pointed headdress.

The Maryknoll sisters^{*} know how to drive jeeps (and repair them), how to administer hypodermics and do major surgery, how to teach Christian doctrine—and how to be gay. When they return from the missions to the mother house on the Hudson, they are received with laughter and merry chatter. And on the feast day of St. Teresa of Avila, Oct. 15, they celebrate by adding to their far from ascetic meals a special ice-cream soda.

A visitor noting the ice-cream sodas

* The Church distinguishes between nuns, who generally take "solemn vows" and are strictly cloistered; and sisters, who take "simple vows" and are usually active in the outside world.

might conclude that all has changed since the days of the formidable Teresa, who 400 years ago traveled the rutted roads of Spain inveighing against lax monasteries, chivvying Pope and emperor to institute reform, and scandalizing her squeamish sisters by insisting on the discolored (bare-foot) rule. But St. Teresa, who wrote some of Christianity's most exalted mystical prose, and often was in such a state of religious ecstasy that she felt herself levitated from the ground, was also gay and relentlessly practical. Once, feeling joyful, she led her nuns in an impromptu dance, but she had a born executive's capacity for administrative detail, down to the latest cookstove ("A real treasure for all the friars and nuns"). The essence of monasticism has always been a fascinating marriage between the spiritual and the practical. History's greatest monastic figures not only knew how to suffer for God; they knew how to organize for Him.

Frontiers of Civilization. Maryknoll's organization began, strictly speaking, with Augustine, reformed man of the world who became the famed bishop of Hippo (354-430). The Vandals were nearing the gates of his city, and Roman civilization was crumbling, but St. Augustine had a special problem. A group of nuns in Hippo had asked him for advice, and, as usual, he obliged at length. Augustine wrote them, among other things, how to keep moths out of their clothes (shake them out), how to take care of their laundry (hire washerwomen), and admonished them to "harken without din and wrangling" to their superiors.

Maryknoll, in 1955, still follows such sage advice, as do all orders, whether under the Augustinian rule or any of the others—Franciscan, Benedictine, Dominican, etc. Changes have occurred in 1,500 years. The Maryknoll sisters combat moths by using nylon and other mothproof garb whenever possible, and they do their own laundry in gleaming washing machines. At no time is there any din or wrangling; most meals are taken in silence, except on special days, or when the Mother General looks out the window and says: "It's too nice a day to be silent."

The missionary sisters of Maryknoll know, as did St. Augustine, that the survival of civilization always depends on faith and discipline, often on details.

When Maryknoll was formally recognized by the Vatican, only 35 years ago, it had two houses and 35 sisters. Today, the order has 16 missions in the U.S. and 61 abroad, including five hospitals, eight high schools, two colleges, four refugee centers, with more mission outposts being added all the time on all the frontiers of civilization.

The Boom. The Maryknoll success story typifies but does not tell the whole story of monastic life in mid-20th century. From the time (circa 530) that a young Italian nobleman, Benedict of Nursia, smashed the statue of Apollo on Monte Cassino and founded his famed abbey, the monastery has been the heart of Christendom. Even after the Middle Ages monasteries continued to dominate religious life.



MOTHER GENERAL MARY COLUMBA IN AFRICA
Both Mary and Martha, both prayer and power saws.

RELIGIOUS GARB

Uniforms of the Church in the U.S.



Sisters of the Sacred Hearts
and of Perpetual Adoration

Pleated coif and emblem of Sacred Hearts identify congregation founded by countless spared in French Revolution.



Sisters of the Incarnate Word
and the Blessed Sacrament

Crimson scapular with crown of thorns is worn by teaching order with 450 members in U.S.



Discalced Carmelites
of Reform Order of St. Teresa of Avila

Cloistered life is led by these veiled nuns, dedicated to contemplation and prayer in 51 U. S. monasteries.



Sisters of St. Elizabeth

Plain garb was chosen by Milwaukee community, established in 1931 to

care for invalid women, as best suited to work in nursing home.



Sisters of Bon Secours

High fluted cap was adapted from dress of peasants of France, where congregation originated. U.S. members total 150.



Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny

Missionary duties dominate work of organization, which began in France in 1807; came to U.S. in 1941.

Sisters of the Most Holy Trinity

White habit with blue and red cross signifies purity of the Father, sufferings of the Son, and charity of the Holy Ghost. Community was founded in 1198 in Rome.





The Order of Perpetual Adoration

White monstrial embroidered on red scapular is worn by choir nuns, who recite the Breviary and make adoration.



Congregation de Notre Dame

Pointed cornette and kerchief of starched linen identify teaching community, established in Montreal in 17th century. Sisters conduct 47 colleges and schools in U.S.



The California Institute of the Sisters of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary

Blue-violet habit, black scapular and silver emblem of Heart of Mary are

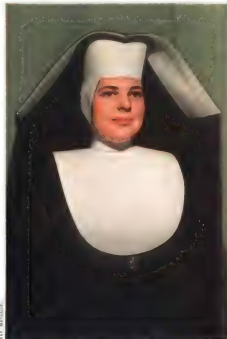
worn by sisters who teach in California schools. Institute began in 1871.

The Daughters of the Holy Ghost

White habit and black belt distinguish community's 456 members in the U.S. Silver dove, suspended from cord about the neck, is emblematic of the Holy Ghost.



**Sisters of Charity
of the General Hospital of Montreal**
"Grey Nuns" began in Montreal in 1738,
serve the sick and poor in U.S. and Canada.



Sisters of the Holy Humility of Mary
Schools and hospitals are served by this community, which came to U.S. from France in 1804.

Mission Sisters of the Holy Ghost
Modern dress marks U.S. society, officially
established in 1932 to provide social services.



Sisters of Providence of Holyoke
Oval coil is worn by New England
nursing and teaching community.

Religious of the Assumption
Education is apostolate of nuns,
who wear white veil and cross.



provided much of the fire of reform within the Catholic Church. But with the 18th century the monastery was relegated to a dark corner. More devastating than the French Revolution's "freeing" of nuns and monks from their vows—more deadly than the guillotine that executed Carmelites and others who did not want to be freed—were the widespread notions that the monastic life was unnatural, unhealthy, a "waste." Today that view is drastically changing: the monastery has begun to recapture the world's imagination. It has dawned on the world that the robed nun, the cowled monk have a place in the Age of Fission.

There are now some 575,000 Roman Catholic nuns and sisters scattered around the globe. The majority are in "active" orders (mostly nursing and teaching). More and more are going into social work—in prisons, factories, among juvenile delinquents, in the limbo of Europe's D.P. camps.

In the U.S. the monastic boom is strongest. The number of women in religious orders in the U.S. today is 154,055, up more than three times from the year 1900. There are also 25,431 men (not counting diocesan priests) in orders, twice as many as in 1900.

The religious teach in 250 Catholic colleges, 1,536 diocesan and parochial high schools and 8,493 parochial elementary schools, treat more than 8,000,000 patients a year in 790 general hospitals. Among the principal women's orders:

¶ Sisters of Charity: founded by St. Vincent de Paul in France in 1633, they specialize in schools and hospitals, run a leprosy in Louisiana, and number 8,000 in the U.S., 60,000 throughout the world.

¶ Dominican Sisters: founded in France in 1206, they maintain 30 independent congregations in the U.S. with 19,383 professed sisters, most of them teaching or caring for the orphaned and the aged.

¶ Sisters of the Order of Mercy: founded in Dublin, Ireland in 1831, they specialize in visiting the sick and imprisoned, managing hospitals and orphanages. U.S. membership: 5,236 professed sisters.

¶ Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet: founded in France in 1650, they teach schools, manage hospitals and charitable institutions. U.S. membership: 15,244 professed sisters.

¶ Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: founded in 1800 by St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, they specialize in teaching, maintain four vicariates (provinces) in the U.S. with 909 professed sisters.

In addition to the older orders, the U.S. has seen the growth of young and specialized congregations, e.g.:

¶ The Daughters of St. Paul Missionaries of the Catholic Press, who concentrate on propagation of the faith through press, screen and radio.

¶ The Medical Mission Sisters, founded 30 years ago by a woman physician, the majority of whose members are all M.D.s, nurses or medical technicians.

Most of the orders are "active," i.e., members live under the full vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, but they offer themselves to God through service

to others. In contrast, the cloistered orders have different tasks: to set an example of the Christian life, to pray, to serve as a source of penance for the sins of the world. Today there are only 65,000 nuns in strictly cloistered orders (some 1,500 cloistered contemplatives in the U.S.), but their numbers are actually growing faster than those of their "active" sisters.

The World Inside. Despite a new interest in monasticism, relatively few Americans have actually ever been inside a convent. It is still surrounded by a feeling that the world inside is strange, forbidding, perhaps a little frightening.

There is nothing to frighten the visitor to Maryknoll's mother house at Sunset Hill, in Ossining, N.Y. It is a sprawling, yellow brick structure, vaguely Spanish-looking. There is no wall to separate it from the outside. The keynote is bustling activity. Sisters hurry along in silence, but



ST. TERESA OF AVILA
A place in the Age of Fission.

they will murmur "Excuse me" if they bump into someone, because "courtesy is more important than strict adherence to a rule." As missionaries, the sisters will be on their own on the outside, and their superiors feel that too strict a rule would hamper their self-reliance.

In "free periods" the sisters are apt to act as gay and carefree as schoolgirls. Last St. Patrick's Day some of them dressed up in green and staged impromptu skits in honor of the saint. There are games, sports (tennis, basketball, ice-skating). Sometimes even movies. But existence at Maryknoll nevertheless moves by firm discipline. Its watchful voice is the bell that sounds the hours and rules the day.

At 5:15 each morning, the bell rouses the sisters from their brown metal beds in their sparsely furnished cells. They wash quickly and silently in a large lavatory lined with shower stalls and basins (but no mirrors). They are at their places in their choir stalls at 5:30 a.m. to say

Prime, the morning prayer of the Divine Office. (Throughout the day, Maryknollers recite all eight of the hours—Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline.)

The Day. After Prime the sisters meditate at their places for half an hour, sitting or kneeling as they prefer, until Mass at 6:25. At 7:30 there is breakfast of cereal, eggs and coffee in the long, brick-walled refectory, eaten in silence. At a microphone-equipped lectern one of the sisters reads aloud throughout all silent meals. (Some recent selections: *Kon-Tiki*, Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*, Romano Guardini's *The Lord*.) Dinner (at noon) is ample: juice or soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables or salad, and dessert, with tea, coffee or milk, and good, home-made bread.

From 8:30 to 9 is a "charge" period in which sisters do whatever cleaning has been assigned to them. This is the first time in the day that they are permitted to talk: From 9 to noon, and from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., the sisters work. Many attend classes (Maryknoll operates an accredited teachers' normal college). Some take courses outside the convent in nursing, social work, medicine. Those not studying during work periods may be building a new terrace, or working in the kitchen to help Sister Gregory, who spent 26 years in Hawaii and can manage a graceful hula. Maintenance Chief Sister Jeannette always has plenty of odd jobs going begging. "I received the most wonderful present for Christmas," she says. "A power saw! Things like that are what we really need—not more black gloves and fountain pens and devotional books."

Compline, the last hour of the Divine Office, is sung at 7 p.m. and closes with a candlelight procession in the chapel. Real recreation comes now. From 7:30 to 8:30. The sisters usually spend it in the large, attractive community room, chatting. At 9 o'clock all sisters pause wherever they are to recite to themselves the *De Profundis* for the dead. Curfew rings at 9:30, but not all the sisters go right to bed. Mother Mary Columba's light burns late into the night.

The Torch-Song Background. Each year some 75 young women between the ages of 16 and 30 are accepted as postulants. They bring a "dowry" of \$100 (it may be dispensed with in hardship cases), which goes toward financing the order's work. Postulants take no vows while undergoing a kind of basic training. After six months a postulant may receive the habit and white veil of a novice together with a new name. For the next two years she leads the full life of a Maryknoll sister, but also studies Catholic doctrine, the essentials of religious life ("Emily Post in the Convent," as the course is jocularly known), and the Mass responses and Gregorian chant. "When they first come, nowadays," says Sister Jeanne Marie, the novice mistress, "their singing is a cross between a howl and a wail—I guess it's a torch-song background."

After two years a novice normally takes her temporary vows. The ceremony



COOKING CLASS AT MARYKNOLL
Once a year, an ice-cream soda.

Martha Holmes

resembles a marriage service: the priest puts the Maryknoll ring on the third finger of the novice's left hand, and she receives the black veil of a full-fledged sister, vowing poverty, chastity and obedience. These are binding for six years only; at the end of that time, provided that she is at least 21, she may make her perpetual vows, which commit her—unless she is specifically released by the Vatican—for the rest of her life.

Beginnings on the Hill. "I never had any idea of being a nun," recalls Maryknoll's founder, Mother Mary Joseph, now 72. "As a matter of fact I never cared for nuns, anyway. They wore black habits, and I thought, 'I certainly wouldn't want to go around dressed that way.'"

In 1906-07 Mary Rogers was assistant professor of biology at Smith College. She had taken to helping Father (later Bishop) James Anthony Walsh, Boston's director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in his busy work. When Father Walsh started a foreign mission society, he found a fine headquarters site near Ossining, N.Y., but there was some prejudice in those parts against Catholic organizations. Mary Rogers suddenly became a wealthy young Bostonian looking for a country place. Her goggled chauffeur accompanied her to the negotiations with hardly a word; beneath his linen duster was a clerical collar. After the transaction was completed, she transferred the deed to Chauffeur Walsh in consideration of \$1.

Mary Rogers, and five other women who had come to help the Maryknoll Fathers,* began by calling themselves "Teresians" because of their devotion to St. Teresa. By 1920 they were a con-

gregation of 35 missionary sisters, were self-supporting and had canonical approval. By common consent they made Mary Rogers their Mother General. Her new religious name: Mother Mary Joseph. One of her friends (a dressmaker who used to make clothes for Actress Maude Adams) helped Mother Mary Joseph with the new order's uniform—gray chambray, modeled on one of her own homemade dresses.

Mother Mary Joseph is retired but still lives at Maryknoll. Since 1947, Mother Mary Columba has run the order with great skill, humor, and an unflagging capacity for travel (every six years she must visit every single chapter house of the order, takes frequent trips between times). The Mother General plainly has the abilities of a top industrial executive—which she might easily have become.

Up from the Files. Mother Mary Columba, once Elizabeth H. Tarpey, was born in Philadelphia to an Irish mother and an English father ("I wouldn't say he was very devout, but Mother was"). went to Catholic grade and high school. When she was twelve, she heard a Jesuit speak on Indian missions and wanted to leave at once. Her parents managed to persuade her to wait. While she waited, she read (Mark Twain and Horatio Alger in public, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on the sly), eventually went to work as bookkeeper for Shellenberger Inc. (candy manufacturers). Six years later, in 1914, she moved to the Remington Arms Co., Inc. as secretary to the chief of records. In a short time she was in charge of the company's special-service department.

But Elizabeth Tarpey was still waiting. When she read about the new Teresians, she decided that perhaps she had waited long enough. She entered as a postulant in December 1919, just before her 27th birthday. At first she had executive jobs

at home, then she was appointed regional superior in the Philippines. In 1931 she was elected vicereine (second in command), and in 1935 she spent a year traveling as Mother Mary Joseph's deputy through Asia and the U.S. This worldwide experience was helpful when she became Mother General herself, and had to direct the liquidation of the mission in Communist China.

Around the World. Since 1950, Mother Mary Columba has launched new missions on Likiep and Yap (Pacific islands), in Chile and Peru, on Mauritius Island in the Indian Ocean, in Formosa. Maryknoll's main activities around the world include:

AFRICA. Two dispensaries and a novitiate for training native sisters.

PHILIPPINES. Since the war, when sisters spent three years in internment camps, six large schools and a hospital have been built up.

HAWAII. Six schools, a children's home, a social-service bureau, and release-time religious classes of thousands of school-children.

CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS. Three schools.

KOREA. A dispensary at Pusan, treating 2,000 refugees daily.

JAPAN. Five missionary centers, with the special task of making converts.

FORMOSA. One dispensary, one catechetical center.

BOLIVIA. A hospital, six schools, three dispensaries, a home-visiting program.

U.S. Schools, social-service and catechetical centers in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, California, Arizona and Texas for racial-minority groups, novitiates at Topsfield, Mass. and Valley Park, Mo.

The "Lifers." That is the active side of Maryknoll. There is a contemplative side, too. For monasticism has always been a blend of Martha and Mary,* of the temper represented by Vincent de Paul, the great fighter against poverty, and the spirit of Francis of Assisi, who considered it more important to live in poverty than to fight it. From time to time, a Maryknoll sister will disappear from her mission rounds and make her way to a secluded farmhouse close to Maryknoll's main building. That is the Maryknoll cloister, where 18 sisters (there will ultimately be 24) selected from the active side of the order lead a separate existence of lifelong austerity and devotion.

Their rule is strict. They rise at midnight for Matins and Lauds, and rise again at 6 for Prime and Mass, and the day's routine. Meals are meager (no meat ever allowed). The sisters fast from Sept. 14, the Feast of the Holy Cross, until

* When Martha asked her sister Mary to help her get dinner ready for Jesus and the disciples, instead of sitting idly at the Lord's feet, Jesus admonished the busy woman, "Martha, Martha." He said, "Thou art careful, and thou art troubled about many things; but . . . Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her" (Luke 10: 41-42).

* One of the foremost U.S. missionary societies, active in the U.S., South America, Africa and Asia. The Maryknoll Sisters are a completely separate organization.



Martha Holmes

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH

Under the duster, a clerical collar.

Easter Saturday. They maintain strict silence at all times, except for the evening's hour of recreation. (Every now and then, the chaplain at Sing Sing comes over from nearby Ossining and asks how "the lifers" are doing.)

The Mysterious Stirring. What kind of girl enters a religious order? The drawn visage and sunken eye are not encouraging signs to a Mother Prioress interviewing a prospective postulant. High-spirited, happy girls make the best sisters—the ones who enjoy parties and have dates. Such a girl was St. Teresa herself, who told a Spanish swain who admired her pretty feet at a party: "Have a good look, *caballero*, for this is the last time you will see them."

Such girls are just the kind whose friends say: "Oh, but not you! You're not the type for a nun." Why, then, do they choose the life? The answer, in the Catholic view, lies in the mysterious stirring called "vocation." A vocation is not to be measured in mere piety or a ready turning to prayer. Nor is it usually revealed in a traumatic spiritual experience, like Paul's blinding light on the Damascus road. A sense of vocation for the religious life is the insistent conviction that the decision represents God's will, not one's own. Many of the most successful religious have struggled against this inner prompting at first, only to capitulate in the end.

Granted a valid vocation and a healthy body and mind, what does the postulant find in a cloistered convent? The group she has joined gives a family's sense of solidarity and protection. Silence does not exclude communication, and a world that talks from morning to night may not appreciate the gaiety of the recreation hour after a day-long silence. Barring homesickness, the postulant is likely to be happy during her first few convent months. But, as New York-born Carmel-

ite Mother Catherine Thomas puts it, in her autobiography, *My Beloved, The Story of a Carmelite Nun*, "Postulants are new brides; and like other new brides, for the most part they are blissfully ignorant of the trials that lie ahead."

The contemplative convent is far more than a quiet place to provide the opportunity for prayer. It is also a kind of operating room where prolonged and drastic surgery takes place to free the individual from those things that stand between her and the love of God.

Sacrifice of Self. There are three main areas to be operated upon, represented by the vows. The vow of poverty, designed to cut through the hampering entanglement of material things, operates on many levels: Carmelites and some other religious are forbidden to use the word "my" except for their faults (they refer to "our" cell, "our" Breviary). Poverty applies equally to any kind of attachment. Sisters are systematically frustrated by their superiors in the tendency to become identified with a particular job or hobby. Still more strictly applied, the vow of poverty applies also to impressions. Contemplatives are actually enjoined to see and hear as little as possible of what goes on around them.

The vow of chastity is the easiest to fulfill for most religious. Hardest is the vow of obedience, designed to eliminate the most formidable barrier between the human and divine: the self.

Obedience to the superior is looked upon by the monastic as obedience to the will of God—much as the soldier is trained to salute not the officer but the uniform of his country. The superior deliberately imposes humiliations to break the natural self-love most lay Christians take as a matter of course. Obedience even to a relatively relaxed rule can be a stringent whip if performed, as it should be, on the split instant. St. Thérèse of Lisieux (1873-1897), the "Little Flower," once advised a novice: "When someone knocks at your door, or when you are called, you must practice mortification and refrain from doing even one additional stitch before answering. I have practiced this myself, and I assure you that it is a source of much peace."

Dark Night of the Soul. The life of contemplation has its occupational diseases. Sisters sometimes suffer shattering doubts about the genuineness of their vocation, or an onslaught of "scrupulosity"—obsession with insignificant imperfections that begin to loom like mortal sins. Most agonizing of all is spiritual dryness, analyzed by St. John of the Cross in his book, *The Dark Night of the Soul*. Without any apparent cause, all the warm joy and pleasure that the religious normally finds in prayer and the monastic routine suddenly disappears. As one contemporary has described it: "The entire spiritual world seems meaningless and unreal; even one's own most vivid spiritual experiences fade out like half-forgotten dreams. One becomes keenly, sometimes agonizingly aware of everything prosaic: heat, cold, stuffy rooms . . . excessive weariness, the

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irritation of the heavy, uncomfortable garments . . . other people's maddening 'little ways'; the 'sinking feeling' and depression that are inseparable from fasting; the appalling monotony of the rule-imposed routine . . .

Infractions of the rule, in letter or spirit, are inevitable, and different orders have different ways of dealing with them. Carmelites have a weekly "Chapter of Faults," at which the prioress is honored to report all lapses observed during the past week: "In charity I accuse Sister — of the fault of doing . . ." This is considered a valued opportunity to practice humility. Sisters may also publicly accuse themselves of their own faults (as they do at Maryknoll) and accept appropriate penances from the Mother Prioress.

Corporeal penances, such as hair shirts or scourging, are practiced today only in the strictest orders, though Carmelites sometimes make and sell both hair shirts and scourges to priests. They themselves still subdue their bodies with whips. Writes Mother Catherine Thomas: "In Carmel, when we are inflicting this penance upon ourselves, we have more than our own bodies and our own souls in mind. It is true that we accompany the flagellation with the chanting of the psalm *Miserere* for our own sins; but we also recite prayers at this time for the exaltation of the church, for peace and concord on earth, for our benefactors, for the souls in Purgatory, for those in the state of sin, and for those in captivity."

The Walled Town. This is the life of Mary: the cloistered life the world does not see, and it is part of the plan of Maryknoll that its busy Martha body recognizes its dependence on what the sisters call the convent's "hidden heart." For the apparent separation (and even conflict) between activity and adoration that seems to bifurcate Christianity is not real. Many great figures of the church, beginning with St. Paul, have combined both elements without conflict. "*Laborare est orare*," said St. Benedict (work is prayer). The Maryknoll sister hacking a kitchen garden out of the Bolivian jungle is living a prayer. And prayer is work. The cloistered contemplative rising at midnight to sing the psalms of the Divine Office is working for her fellow men—in Bolivia or The Bronx—whom she may never see. One prayer without the other would fall to the ground.

The convent or monastery, said St. Teresa, is a strong point in a dangerous situation. This, she told her followers 400 years ago, when the world was no less dangerous than it is today, is "the chief reason why Our Lord gathered us together in this house."

"In time of war, when the enemy has overrun the whole country and the situation is desperate, the lord of the region withdraws into a town which he orders strongly fortified, and from it he sometimes attacks the enemy. As those in his stronghold are chosen men, they can do more by themselves than they could with whole armies . . . Even if they are not victorious, they are never vanquished."



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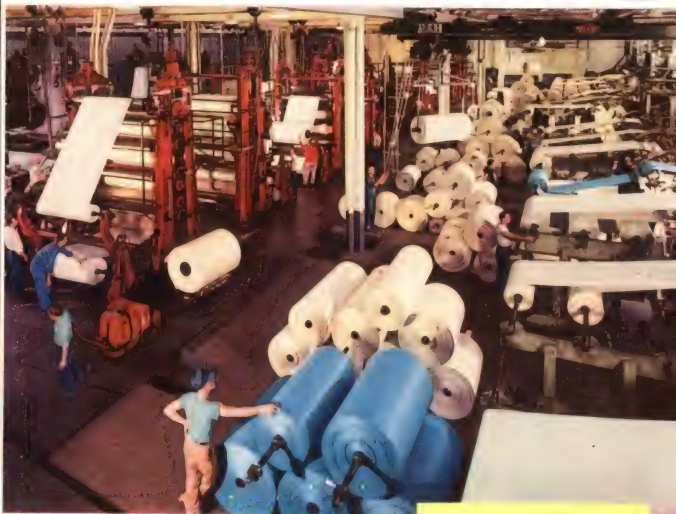


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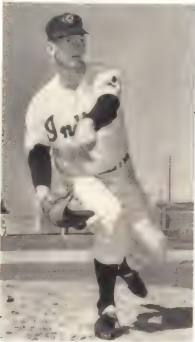
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SPORT

Spring Promise

The speaker rustled his notes, clinked a pocketful of keys and stared at the ceiling while he fumbled for words. Then his wife's voice cut through the jangle: "Put your keys down, honey." Meekly, irascible Columnist Westbrook Pegler obeyed. For once the foaming temper was in check. Mellow with memory, onetime Sports-writer Pegler had turned out for the Tucson, Ariz. Press Club dinner, greeting the new baseball season.

Peg recalled his days as a ghostwriter for an effervescent outfielder named George Herman Ruth. The Babe never



ROOKIE SCORE
Just like another Feller.

supplied any information at all. Eventually, said Peg, "my hypocritical principles revolted." Tired of turning out sheer fiction, he told the Babe to come through with day-to-day dope or forget about his pay. Next day, Ruth wired his ghostwriter from Detroit: "Poled two out of the park today. High, fast pitches. Send check immediately."

Winter Kinks. Peg's memory seemed peculiarly appropriate. Along with dozens of other newsmen, he had come to honor Herbert Jude Score, a phenomenal youngster who, like the Babe, was beginning his big-league career as a pitcher. And chances are he will some day be needing a ghostwriter of his own. After a month of watching the American-League-leading Cleveland Indians work out their winter kinks in Tucson sunshine, sportswriters had named Score the Tribe's Most Promising Rookie of the Year.

A \$60,000 bonus baby from the campus of Florida's Lake Worth High School, Herb Score was an eminently sensible selection. Unless he suddenly loses his equilibrium and starts throwing his best stuff to first or third, he is sure to be just the sort of left-handed insurance the Indians need to hang on to their pennant.

Even as a skinny school kid, Herb could throw bullets. In 1951, the day he turned 19 and lost his eligibility to play high-school ball, he was swamped with big-league offers. He chose the Indians, not because they offered him the most money, but simply because he liked Cy Slapnicka, the Cleveland scout. Slapnicka, the man who found Bob Feller, is willing to admit that Score is just as spectacular.

Blond Bean Pole. Herb spent two seasons in the minor leagues sighting in with his sizzling fireball. For two seasons he sprayed it everywhere but over the plate. Last year with the Indianapolis Indians, he learned how to nick the corners. He won 22 games, set a league record of 330 strikeouts and was voted Most Valuable Player in the American Association.

This spring in Tucson, Southpaw Score got off to a clumsy start by tripping over first base and spraining his ankle. His gimpy leg kept the blond bean pole from pitching as often as he and Manager Al Lopez would have liked, but he pitched often enough to show that he still has his speed and control. In three, three-inning appearances, Herb allowed no runs, only three hits, walked six and struck out ten men. At week's end, he went four innings against the Giants and gave up only one hit. No Indian pitcher looks better.

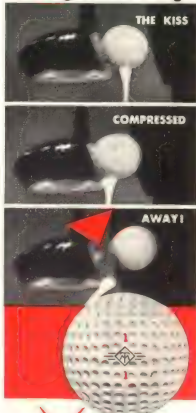
"I hope I'm here next year watching another Cleveland rookie receive the 1956 Press Club award," he said. "In this business, though, I might be in Keokuk."

Boxing Safe & Sane

On prewar college campuses, most boxing coaches seemed determined to turn fistfighting into a proper form of fun and games. They taught all their young gentlemen to spar like featherweights. Such odd-timers as Navy's Spike Webb (TIME, Aug. 3), Princeton's Spider Kelly and Yale's Mosey King turned even their heavyweights into Fancy Dances. It was all very civilized—and just a little too light-foot to please the crowds.

Today, on a score of campuses where the sport has hung on, boxing is beginning to flex its muscles with new vigor. But the revival bears no resemblance to the bloody donnybrooks of the professional prize ring. College boxing is safer and saner than ever. New rules require college fighters to wear protective headgear and use 12-oz. gloves; there is a mandatory nine-count on all knockdowns, and referees have a free-wheeling authority for stopping one-sided scrapes. Protected by such careful conventions, undergraduates cut loose with skillful enthusiasm. A college fight is limited to three 2-minute rounds; there is never any time for the

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Last week, in Idaho State College's jam-packed gymnasium, rugged undergraduates from 17 colleges whaled away at each other for three days to settle the N.C.A.A. championships. Superbly conditioned, Louisiana State's sophomore heavyweight, Crowe Peele, demonstrated just how good a college boxer can get. Although his team finished behind Michigan State in a three-way tie for second (along with San Jose State and Syracuse University), Peele battered his way through the tournament fights without a defeat.

A rough-and-ready slugger who insists that all he does is "throw punches until something gives," Champion Peele is more of a stylist than he likes to admit. Bobbing, weaving, ducking, he is an elusive target: he knows how to fight his way out of trouble with furious flurries. "He has every punch in the book," says his admiring coach, J. T. Owen. "And he has that something extra—that Dempsey instinct. He wants to go."

In Pocatello, even the fans were a breed apart from the usual fight mob. Through most of the bouts, they hunched in their seats, intent and silent as a TV audience. Contestants could be heard coaching their teammates from far back of the ringside. "Use your right, Joe. Keep jabbin'. For God's sake, jab." And when Idaho State's defending champion, Heavyweight Mike McMurtry, was belted glassy-eyed, a spectator's voice sounded clear above the hush: "That may be the best thing ever hit Mike. He's been thinking of turning pro. I hope this'll cure him." For even the fiercest collegiate fan likes to look on boxing as a sensible sport; few find the pro prize ring a fit place for a postgraduate career.

Scoreboard

Q With a balmy spring breeze to hinder him in the stretch and a jivey Texas Longhorn band to egg him along, Kansan Wes Santee ran his first outdoor mile of the season at the Texas relays, broke his own American record by one-tenth of a second, edged up within a stride of the four-minute mile. His time: 4:00.5.

Unbothered, although he was carrying one pound more than his assigned 114, Paul Andolino's unbeaten dark bay colt Boston Doge started his spring campaign by winning his ninth race in a row, Jamaica's Experimental Handicap.

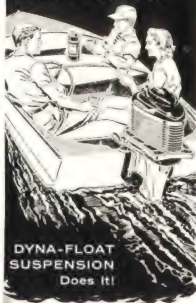
U Leo Liotta, a brawler out of Boston's North End who fights under the name of Tony DeMarco, delighted a home-town crowd with a 14-round assault that knocked Welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton senseless and separated him from his tainted title (TIME, Nov. 1).

At Yale University, a pair of Hawaiians, Ford Konno and Yoshi Oyakawa, both swimming for Ohio State, won four National A.A.U. titles. Konno, after splashing home in front in the 220-yd. free style, set a meet record with a 1:28.2 quarter-mile grind. Oyakawa, sticking to his backstroke specialty, took the 100-yd. and 220-yd. championships.

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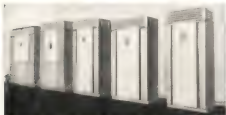


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ART



POZZATTI'S "GRASSHOPPER"
Redemption by fireworks.

College Tries

The U.S. art market may be entering a new era, with signed prints rivaling art reproductions for the buyer's attention. Etchings, lithographs, silk screens and woodcuts made by the artist himself are bound to have precisely the scale and tone that the artist intended, and none of the distortions of even the most expensive reproductions. Issued in limited editions of a few to a few hundred, they sell for \$5 to \$100 a sheet. All this can make them particularly attractive to the nation's growing millions of middle-income art enthusiasts.

Since the vast majority of U.S. artists still prefer to take their chances with high-priced, hard-to-sell oils, no one knows just how the future print market will be supplied. At Seattle's Art Museum last week, an exhibition of prints from across the nation provided one possible answer: by the colleges. More than 80% of the prints submitted to the show and five of the six prizewinners came from professors and art students working in the seclusion of college campuses.

Top honors went to University of Nebraska Art Teacher Rudy Pozzatti, 30, for his big, bold, richly textured closeup of a grasshopper (see cut). The main strength of Pozzatti's woodcut lay in its patterning. The print had more to do with decoration than with nature, yet was one of the least abstract pictures on exhibition. A majority of the other prints were out-and-out-and-out abstractions, redeemed from cloudiness only by technical fireworks, and from preciosity only by an evident drive to experiment with new ideas and approaches. But through such college tries could come a renaissance of printmaking in the U.S.

Old Soldier's View

One highlight of the Van Gogh exhibition at Manhattan's Wildenstein Gallery last week was the portrait of a bluff, tough French colonial officer of Zouaves. The soldier had posed for some of Van Gogh's most famed portraits and had even taken drawing lessons from the un-

happy master. Last week the old soldier's reminiscences were published for the first time.

The officer was Paul-Eugène Milliet, a policeman's son and professional soldier who rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, retired soon after World War I. He died in bed during the Nazi occupation of Paris, but not before he had given his impressions of Van Gogh to a literary friend, who compiled them for the French Communist weekly, *Les Lettres Françaises*.

Milliet, in Arles in 1888 to rest up from a campaign in Indo-China, met Van Gogh in the town and posed for him now and then. In return, Van Gogh taught him a little about drawing and perspective. The artist was "an odd, good-natured man," Milliet recalled. "He was a bit crazy, like someone who has lived a long time in the strong sun of the desert. . . . We would frequently take beautiful walks around Arles and out to the country, where we'd both feel the urge to sketch. Sometimes he'd take his canvas and begin to paint. And that, well, that



Courtesy, Mrs. Albert D. Losser
VAN GOGH'S "THE ZOUAVE"
Rape by a brute.

was no good. This fellow who had the taste and talent to draw became abnormal as soon as he touched a brush."

Milliet's most biting judgment: "He painted like a staff officer. . . . He painted too lavishly and paid no attention to details. . . . And his color. . . . Extreme, abnormal, inadmissible. Some tones were too warm, too violent, not tame enough. You see, the artist should paint with love, not with passion. A canvas should be 'caressed'; Van Gogh would rape it. . . . At times he was a real brute, a tough guy."

The year 1888 was the time Van Gogh felt the first severe onslaught of mental illness, and cut off his right ear in a mad fit of remorse. Milliet mentioned nothing of that, but did feel that his sketching companion suffered from "an exaggerated sensitivity. At times he would have almost feminine reactions to things. The consciousness of being a great artist. He had faith, faith in his own talent, a blind faith. He was proud, and he appeared to be in not too good health. But on the whole, a good friend, not at all a bad sort of fellow."

© Van Gogh's recorded reactions to Milliet were kinder. He found Milliet a restless model, complained in one letter that "if he would only pose better, he would please me very much and we would have a much better portrait than the one I am doing now. The subject is good, with his flat, pale face and his red cap against an emerald-green background."

LIGHT FROM THE DARK AGES

RAVENNA is the world's chief repository of early Byzantine art, surpassing even Istanbul, the capital of Byzantium. The ancient churches and chapels of the sleepy Italian town (pop. 35,000) are lit by windowpanes of translucent alabaster and by the glitter and blaze of great mosaics such as the triumphant Christ opposite. Ravenna's mosaics, made of innumerable bits of glass, gold and marble chips stuck in plaster, have neither the drama of Gothic church art nor the human warmth of the Renaissance masters. Yet they are equally great, and gay, and either. Their gaiety expresses the exuberant youth of the Christian church, shows that the Dark Ages knew glory.

When Belisarius and the Eunuch Narses conquered Italy for Justinian in 540, they re-established Ravenna as the Western capital of the Byzantine empire, Justinian and Theodora, his empress, ordered it suitably adorned. The rendering of Christ in armor for the Arch-bishop's Chapel, a rare phenomenon in art, may reflect the warlike nature of the Byzantines, who held the view that Christianity could and should be spread by the sword. But the Ravenna Christ looks more loving than awesome. A beardless youth, he lightly treads the lion and the serpent while presenting His eternal promise: "I am the way, the truth and the life."



SIXTH CENTURY MOSAIC in Archbishops' Chapel at Ravenna, picturing Christ triumphant. Illustrates Psalm "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder."

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Revolution in Sight?

The American National Theatre & Academy last week staged the first trial marriage of Broadway and closed-circuit television, with its fifth *Album* played live in Manhattan and over coaxial cable to 31 specially leased movie houses across the U.S. As with most trial marriages, the blessings were mixed, the future a hodge-podge of uncertainties.

Produced by ANTA's Gilbert Miller, with CARE as co-beneficiary, *Album* served up a two-hour, hot-to-cold pot-pourri of Broadway bits and pieces. Some of the players were topnotch: Helen Hayes in *A Christmas Tie*, Saroyan's one-act *Omnibus* comedy about a small-town lady crackpot; Ruth Draper's monologue about a Scottish immigrant at Ellis Island; Pianist-Comedian Victor Borge's skillfully timed spoofing of Mozart and Manhattan traffic ("Every empty taxi you see has somebody in it"); and Songstress Lena Horne's high-tension version of *The Lady Is a Tramp*. Best of all: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof's* Barbara Bel Geddes and *Bus Stop's* Kim Stanley in a brace of crackling scenes (specially "blended" for the occasion) from their respective plays.

But much of *Album* was haphazard. Comic Henry Morgan, acting as co-master of ceremonies, behaved as if he had hardly bothered to learn his cues, let alone his gags; his partner, British Actor Cyril (Peter Pan) Ritchard, ran his oh-so-English witticisms into the ground. The choreography was raggedly routine, the chorus breathless in its singing. The TV camera seemed to add unbecoming extra poundage to plumpish Martha Wright, singing *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy*. Televised in black and white, no matter how magnified the screen, *Album*

became a blurry, uneven adaptation of TV's own *Toast of the Town*.

Thanks to poor advance promotion and timing (Monday night, 10:30 E.S.T.), *Album* filled fewer than half the 80,000 seats (at \$2 to \$10 a head) in the participating movie houses from Boston to Los Angeles. In most cities, notably Houston and Atlanta, it caused hardly a ripple of interest. Estimated gross intake: \$105,000, barely enough to pay expenses.

Does *Album's* box-office flop mean that Broadway and closed-circuit TV are financially incompatible? On closed-circuit TV, the Metropolitan Opera (TIME, Nov. 25) did poorly; championship prizefights, e.g., the Marciano-Charles bout (TIME, Sept. 27), fared better. With stepped-up promotion and the advent of color TV, can Broadway whet a new, nationwide appetite for the theater? Or will Broadway hits suffer on Broadway and on the road after being shown on TV? Said Trade Sheet *Variety* last week: "Whatever the effects, they loom as revolutionary."

The Wide, Wide World

A good teacher is likely to be a born ham, according to the University of Southern California's Shakespearean expert, Dr. Frank Baxter. Dr. Baxter's diagnosis explains why more and more professors are drifting from their cloistered halls to the glaring arena of television. After his *Now and Then* show ran for 30 weeks on the CBS network, Professor Baxter became a real celebrity and admits that he has enjoyed every minute of it. He turns up at movie premieres and Hollywood cocktail parties, gets invited to the Library of Congress to give poetry readings, has built a swimming pool at his South Pasadena home, and relishes reading about himself in the gossip columns. Best of all, he is now financially able to relax during his vacations, instead of teaching at night school or summer school to make ends meet.

Bathing Beauties, Too. In Baltimore, Lynn Poole, for seven years moderator of the *Johns Hopkins Science Review* (which recently switched to a new name and a new network: *Tomorrow*, on ABC), has seen scores of teachers take to show business like ducks to water. Five professors, after mumbling their way through TV scripts, headed straight for courses in speech. Dr. Maurice Sullivan, Johns Hopkins dermatologist, soon caught on to the fact that the best way to talk about sunburn was to surround himself with a bevy of bathing beauties. Dr. Heinz Haber, an expert in space medicine at U.C.L.A., is another case in point: three years ago, when Haber appeared on a Hopkins series, he had only watched TV twice, had never stood before a camera. He did an adequate job on the air but, dissatisfied, spent weeks on end watching TV, figuring out new methods for using the medium for education and science. Last month, on the *Disneyland* show dealing with outer space, Dr. Haber discoursed entertain-



PROFESSOR BAXTER
The ham is wonderful.

ingly and well for almost ten minutes.

In Chicago, British-educated Herman Finer, a pixy-like professor of social science, had an instantaneous love affair with TV. A veteran of the *University of Chicago Round Table* radio show, Finer, 57, a onetime welterweight at the University of London, has just done a series of twelve solo TV shows devoted to "Government and Human Nature." As high-strung as any star, Finer goes on the air fortified by repeated cups of coffee and doses of cough syrup, gives a vibrant performance. (a fan describes him as "a real ancient George Gobel type"). After the show he needs a few hours to cool off and settle his nerves.

Competing with Dagmar. Finer loves everything about TV except the time required to prepare a 30-minute talk: "I can understand how these fellows like Milton Berle feel. The tension is awful. If you've got any conscience at all about doing a decent job, you're undergoing an ordeal." Finer warns teachers about to enter TV not to think of the relatively few minutes they will be in front of the camera, but of the hours and days necessary to get ready: "And there's something else they must learn. Instead of working to your main point step by step and giving it at the end of the lecture, you should do the exact opposite on TV. You don't have a captive audience as in the classroom; you've got to hold your viewers against competition like Dagmar."

In Philadelphia, Dr. Froedich G. Rainey of CBS's *What in the World*, an archaeological quiz game, is both stunned and pleased by his public notice: "You get recognition from anybody and everybody. The other day a train conductor punched my ticket and then said, 'I know you—you're that fellow on TV.' It's always a surprise for a college professor to get any recognition."

Some of the professors invading TV



PROFESSOR FINER
The tension is awful.

Can you use 3 good rules for home wiring?



by

J.B. Clayton, Sr.
President

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In this wonderful age of electrical living, knowing what makes for good wiring in a house comes under the heading of important information.

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Three—design at least 2 of the branch circuits to permit the use of 3 wires with circuit breakers or fuses of up to 50 ampere capacity.

The NAHB Standard also includes some additional points, such as providing "extra" circuits to take care of future expansion. But if a homeowner or prospective homeowner keeps the foregoing "Big 3" in mind, he's well on his way to assuring electrical adequacy.

Incidentally—there's an excellent 32-page booklet on the subject that has just been published by the National Adequate Wiring Bureau, called the "Residential Wiring Handbook"; it's chock-full of interesting and useful information on electrical planning for the home.

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have gone nearly the entire way to pure entertainment. Rutgers' handsomely mustached Dr. Mason Gross plays straight man for Comic Herb Shriner on CBS's *Two for the Money*, and Northwestern's Bergen Evans stars as moderator on Du Mont's *Down You Go*. When the show moved this season from Chicago to Manhattan, Evans was fortunately on leave from Northwestern to work on a new book on slang. He will therefore not have to make his choice between teaching and TV until this fall, when his leave expires. Now that he is on "my first expense account," Evans is more enamored of TV than ever: "Instead of nursing their dough and getting nothing done, TV people decide what they want to do, then spend the money. It's a different attitude altogether compared with the campus. A professor who gets into it has the feeling of being out in the wide, wide world. I also find a lot less malice in TV than I do at the universities. Professors get to be so secure and suspicious."

But the professorial success stories are not without cost. Campus TV celebrities run into a good deal of envious carping criticism from their colleagues. And there is the equal danger that the celebrities will grow too big for their professorial britches. Dr. Baxter, 50, recognizes that he has to be periodically cut down to size by his wife and daughter, who now greet him with "Here comes that pudgy, tweedy, twinkling, pink, bald hunch of enthusiasm." One of his wife's comments may be even more pertinent: "Thank God this didn't happen to you 30 years ago."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, April 6, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Best of Broadway (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *Stage Door*, with Rhonda Fleming, Diana Lynn, Dennis Morgan, Victor Moore.

Climax! (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Claudette Colbert in *Private Worlds*.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *The Browning Version*, with Herbert Marshall, Judith Evelyn.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Marilyn Monroe and Sir Thomas Beecham.

Game of the Week (Sat. 1:55 p.m., CBS). New York Yankees v. Brooklyn.

Max Liebman Presents (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Merry Widow*, with Anne Jeffreys, John Conte, Edward Everett Horton.

Easter Mass (Sun. 11 a.m., NBC). From Cincinnati's St. Monica's Cathedral.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Orfeo ed Euridice*, with Stevens. Guelden.

Easter Sunrise Service (Sun. 8 a.m., CBS). From the Hollywood Bowl.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). First U.S. broadcast of Mahler's *Symphony No. 6 in A Minor*.

Biographies in Sound (Sun. 7 p.m., NBC). Tribute to Franklin D. Roosevelt.



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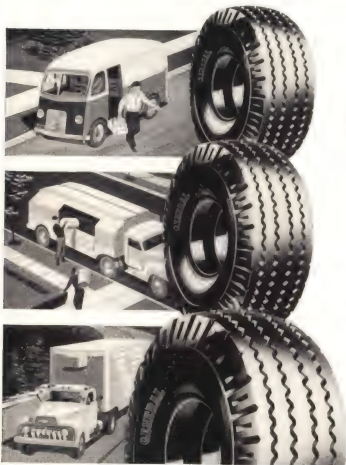
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MILESTONES

Born. To Phumipon ("Strength of Earth") Adunet, 28, Massachusetts-born King of Thailand and Queen Sirikit ("Famed for Beauty"). 23; their third child, second daughter; in Bangkok.

Born. To Eva Marie Saint, 30, TV and screen actress, who won an Oscar as 1954's best supporting actress for her first film role in *On the Waterfront* (see CINEMA), and Jeffrey Hayden, 29, TV director: their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Darrell. Weight: 8 lbs. 8 oz.

Born. To Peter Lawford, 31, London-born cinema and TV actor (*It Should Happen to You*, *Dear Phoebe*), and Patricia Kennedy, 30, daughter of onetime U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's Joseph P. Kennedy and younger sister of John F. Kennedy, junior Democratic Senator from Massachusetts; their first child, a son; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Christopher. Weight: 6 lbs. 13 oz.

Born. To Judy (A Star Is Born) Garland, 32, high-strung singing and dancing star of stage and screen, and Michael Sidney Luft, 38, her business agent; their second child, first son (Judy also has a daughter by her second husband, Director Vincente Minnelli); in Hollywood. Name: Joseph Wiley. Weight: 5 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. Olivia de Havilland, 38, two-time Oscar-winning cinemactress (*To Each His Own*, *The Heiress*); and Pierre Galante, 45, writer for the French picture magazine *Paris-Match*; she for the second time (her first: Marcus Aurelius Goodrich, one-shot author of the novel *Deli-lah*), he for the first; in Ivoy-le-Marron, France.

Divorced. Sam Spiegel, 51, Hollywood producer (*African Queen*, *On the Waterfront*); by Lynne Baggett, 28, sometime Hollywood bit actress: the day after his *Waterfront* won eight Oscars (see CINEMA), and two months after her release from a 50-day prison term in the hit-and-run death of a nine-year-old boy; after nearly four years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Kamilla Kofler, 44, Austrian-born wildlife photographer, known professionally as "Ylla"; of injuries received in a jeep accident while photographing a bullock-cart race; in Bharatpur, India.

Died. Joseph Pulitzer, 70, editor and publisher of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*; of a ruptured abdominal blood vessel; in St. Louis (see PRESS).

Died. Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, 74, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*; after long illness; at "Cantigny," his farm home near Wheaton, Ill. (see PRESS).



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BUSINESS

LABOR

Both Barrels

Almost alone among big U.S. corporations, Montgomery Ward fought off unions with unrelenting vigor. But when Louis Wolfson launched his attempt to take over the company, James R. Hoffa, rough, tough vice president of Dave Beck's A.F.L. Teamsters' Union, saw an opportunity to tighten the screws on aging Ward President Sewell Avery, who is desperately trying to hold onto control.

To Jimmy Hoffa, 41, pressure tactics is a way of life. In 1936 he quit a grocery clerk's job to start organizing for the Detroit teamsters' locals. With most of the area's teamsters already signed up when he joined, Hoffa looked for new fields to conquer; he threatened to cut off deliveries to some Detroit retailers, thus organized their clerks. By 1946 he was top dog of Detroit's 87,000 teamsters. In 1953 a House committee examined his rule of the Michigan teamsters, found "racketeering, extortion and gangsterism." Along the way, Labor Leader Hoffa (annual income: a reported \$50,000) also picked up part ownership in a brewery, a trotting track and summer camps.

Against Ward, Hoffa mounted a double-barreled attack. While organizers signed up union members in Ward warehouses, Hoffa, as trustee of three union pension funds, began buying Ward stock. Early this year, Hoffa dropped hints that his men had talked to Wolfson and would vote the 13,500 shares of union-owned stock against Avery. Knowing that Avery could not afford a strike in the closing days of his fight with Wolfson, Hoffa got his new members at Ward's to approve a walkout.

Last week in Chicago, Sewell Avery capitulated. As Hoffa looked on, Avery and Teamster President Dave Beck signed the first companywide union contract in Ward's history. When the bitter moment arrived, Sewell Avery, who once forced Franklin Roosevelt to order him carried out of his own office rather than deal with a union, acted as though it was not so hard to take after all. As photographers swarmed into his office, Avery playfully rubbed Beck's bald head, looked pleased as Punch when the union leader said: "You've got more hair than I have."

In the new contract, Avery recognized the Teamsters as bargaining agent for Ward's 15,000 warehousemen (not affected are some 37,000 clerks and retail employees). Further, he agreed to boost the warehousemen's wages 3¢ to 5¢ an hour. In addition, the contract calls for a maintenance-of-membership arrangement, sets up grievance machinery and formalizes current vacation benefits. Calling off the strike threat, Dave Beck announced that the union would cast its proxies for Avery.

When all of the terms had been announced and the picture-taking was over, Avery suggested that "Dave" drop by for lunch some day. Said Avery: "It's been a nice party."

GOVERNMENT

Repeal Fair Trade?

When Attorney General Herbert Brownell set up a committee in 1953 to study the nation's antitrust laws, he made it plain that Fair Trade pricing would be one of the key subjects. Last week, after one of the most comprehensive antitrust studies ever undertaken, the committee of 61 lawyers, professors and economists turned



Associated Press

TEAMSTER HOFFA
After the attack, a nice party.

in its 394-page report. Chief recommendation: Fair Trade laws should be repealed.

"Fair Trade" pricing," said the report, "may enable distributors to extinguish price competition . . . 'Fair trade,' when used as a device for relieving distributors from the rigors of price competition, is at odds with the most elementary principles of a dynamic free-enterprise system." Congress should repeal the Miller-Tydings law, which exempts price-fixers of name-brand products from antitrust action, and the McGuire Act of 1952, which makes a minimum-price agreement signed by one retailer with a manufacturer binding on all retailers in a state. Said the committee: "As a result of local enabling and federal exemptive legislation, resale price-fixing, otherwise a clear antitrust violation, is today lawful in most American states."

Among the committee's 60 other administrative and legislative proposals:

¶ Congress should pass new laws to 1) curb union activities that lessen competition "to the extent that such commercial restraints [are] not effectively curbed," and 2) set the statute of limitations at four years (instead of the present one to ten years) for antitrust suits.

¶ Mergers should be considered on an individual basis. Mere bigness alone should not be the cause of antitrust suits.

¶ The Attorney General should be empowered to subpoena private records of corporations during the investigative phase of civil antitrust cases.

¶ The maximum fine for antitrust violations of the Sherman Act should be boosted from \$5,000 to \$10,000, but the present "exorbitant" \$5,000-a-day fine for continued violations of a Federal Trade Commission order should be cut to a maximum of \$5,000 for each separate violation.



Arthur Stry

PRESIDENTS BECK & AVERY

At the bitter moment, an invitation to lunch.

TIME CLOCK

BUSINESS ABROAD

Cold Front Over Japan

Tokyo's big, influential daily *Yomiuri* (circ. 2,284,902) last week headlined a series of articles on a startling economic theme: "Japan is at the mercy of the blue-eyed foreigners." The blue-eyed foreigners, cried *Yomiuri*, are U.S. businessmen in Japan, who are charging "exorbitant" royalty fees. Such American companies as Westinghouse, RCA and Caltex have been "very cunning" in their dealings. Concluded *Yomiuri*: "Japan was not defeated by General MacArthur but by General Electric."

The vicious newspaper articles were a symptom of the worsening relations, now approaching a postwar low, between U.S. companies and the Japanese government. Though U.S. industry has poured more than \$229 million into Japan since the war, some 70 applications for \$34 million in new investments are gathering dust in the files of Japan's powerful Foreign Investment Council. Fortnight ago, FOA-administrator Harold Stassen announced a plan to guarantee future U.S. investments in Japan. Four companies applied for such guarantee, but none was approved by Japan, and none is likely to be. Reason: the government regards FOA's plan as a reflection upon Japan's "stability," has already given hints that investment proposals from U.S. businessmen will stand a better chance if Japanese government approval if they do not contain an FOA guarantee request. Even before the guarantee plan, the government had moved so slowly on U.S. applications for investment in Japan that the number of licensing and technical-help contracts signed by U.S. firms with Japanese companies dropped from 133 in 1952 to 83 last year, will probably total no more than 50 this year.

Japanese tax collectors are doing their share to discourage good business relations. They have started disapproving the 50% Japanese income-tax deduction formerly allowed Americans working for U.S. firms investing in Japanese business.

Cut the Costs. Part of the blame for the new cold front can be laid to a few U.S. businessmen who did indeed charge up to 30% for patent rights on everything from cowboy hats to rubber falsies, at a time when Japanese businessmen would pay any price to get back into world markets. But the fact is that U.S. industrial tie-ups pulled Japan out of the rubble, filled a ten-year research gap and boosted the nation's export potential.

With new U.S. machinery the Japanese textile industry has cut costs 20% below prewar levels, and such processes as Cluett, Peabody's "Sanforizing" have opened up new export markets from Australia to Canada—to the consternation of U.S. textilemen. Japan's petroleum industry, which in 1949 had to import 92% of its finished petroleum products, last

year was able to produce 90% of the products at home, due largely to some \$71 million invested by Caltex, Standard-Vacuum, Union Oil and Tide Water. By agreements signed with Armo International Corp., Japanese steelmen have been able to cut costs 5% and boost strip steel output by 90%. In the electronics industry, RCA's royalty of less than 2% on each TV set produced in Japan has saved the Japanese industry seven years and millions in research.

BIGGEST ATOMIC POWER plant will be built near Chicago by General Electric for operation in a few years. Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co. will finance and run the plant, is now working out details with the Atomic Energy Commission, G.E. and local utility companies.

ARGENTINE oil lands will soon be opened up to U.S. companies. To solve his nation's chronic fuel problem (60% imported), President Juan Perón is ready to sign a deal for Standard Oil of California to develop a 23,000-sq.-mi. tract in Santa Cruz Territory south of the 48th Parallel; Standard of California will sell its oil on the domestic market first, be able to export any surplus. Similar agreements totaling \$200 million will also be signed this month with Shell Oil and Standard Oil (N.J.) to develop another huge tract in the Neuquen area near the Chilean border.

NON - SCHEDULED AIRLINES will be chopped nearly 50%, if Civil Aeronautics Board examiners have their way. They recommended to the board that 27 of the surviving 60 big non-scheduled carriers (among them: All American Airways, Monarch Air Service, U.S. Aircoach) be put out of business on grounds that they overlap scheduled lines. For the 33 other non-scheduled lines, including most of the biggest names, the examiners want a revised classification as "supplemental carriers," which will allow them unlimited charter service plus three independent passenger flights between any two points each month.

BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, already the biggest U.S. textile firm, is flexing its muscles again. Having spent \$33 million last year buying up competing Pacific Mills and Goodall-Sanford (TIME, July 26), Burlington has now wrapped up a deal to take over North Carolina's \$12 million

Mooresville Mills, makers of cotton and rayon towels, draperies and sports clothes.

RAILROAD-GOUGING complaint by the Government, charging that 700 U.S. roads overcharged the U.S. as much as \$3 billion for military shipments during World War II, has been thrown out by a unanimous ruling of the eleven-man Interstate Commerce Commission. The ICC ruled that all rate agreements were legally made before authorized agencies and, further, that charges were actually considerably lower than comparable civilian rates at the time.

GAS BOOM will push the industry's expenditure for new plants and pipelines to a record \$1.4 billion in 1955, the fifth straight year that expansion has topped the \$1 billion mark. Nearly a quarter will go for two new pipelines linking Southern and Southwestern gas fields with Midwest and Northwest consumers.

DIXON-YATES contract has run into another roadblock, this time from the Government's General Accounting Office. GAO's new boss, Comptroller General Joseph Campbell, who voted for the contract as a member of the AEC, has advised the commission to hold it up. He wants ironclad assurances from Ebasco Services Inc., slated to build the big steam plant at West Memphis, Ark., that construction will not cost more than the \$104 million estimate. What worries Campbell is a previous Ebasco contract for a steam plant at Jopka, Ill. to supply the AEC. There costs turned out to be \$51 million more than estimated.

HUGE WAGE DEMAND, one of the biggest in history, has been handed to General Motors and Ford by the United Auto Workers. Cost of the entire package is conservatively estimated at 40¢ an hour. It includes a guaranteed-annual-wage provision, plus an overall 10¢-an-hour pay boost, bigger pensions, health benefits and longer vacations.

The biggest reason for the Japanese cool-off, however, is a resurgence of nationalism, particularly since the Hatoyama administration gained power. Tanzan Ishibashi, the balding, pudgy boss of Tokyo's Ministry of International Trade and Industry, puts it bluntly: "There is a national feeling against too much foreign capital."

Sharp Reminders. What can be done to better business relations in Japan? This week the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Tokyo was reading an answer to *Yomiuri's* anti-American series. But most U.S. businessmen, and Japanese with American business ties, think the best progress could be gained by frequent and sharp reminders to the Japanese that they would suffer a tremendous loss if U.S. and other foreign businessmen left Japan for Manila, Okinawa or Hong Kong.

CONSUMER CREDIT

Is It Dangerously High?

CONSUMER credit in the U.S. last week stood at an alltime record of \$136 billion, and was still rising fast. Since 1948, total U.S. mortgage debt for homes and farms has jumped from \$86 billion to \$114 billion. Installment credit, a modest \$9 billion seven years ago, has reached a whopping \$22.5 billion. This rapid rise in credit has raised a big question among economists: Are consumers so overloaded with debt that there is danger of a great crash?

Actually, the danger of overextended credit is more a bogeyman than real. While the overall public and private debt has increased 50% since World War II, the gross U.S. national product has increased even faster—by 68%—and consumers' liquid savings are estimated at \$52.5 billion, considerably more than their debts. Thus, most Government economists feel that the current credit market is merely expanding with the U.S. economy. Moreover, the reason for borrowing has changed. Once people borrowed chiefly because they needed money for necessities. But today consumers with good jobs and good prospects borrow because they feel that they can carry more debt, want to expand their scale of living.

As a result, rising consumer credit has been matched almost dollar for dollar by big boosts in consumer income needed to pay off the new debts. The \$22.5 billion in installment credit is still less than 9% of U.S. consumers' disposable personal income, and the ratio has climbed barely 2% in 15 years. Furthermore, as the credit load has gone up, U.S. consumers have started to pay off their debts faster. They are now repaying installment loans at a record 11.5% of disposable income v. 9% a few years ago. Farm mortgages, for example, have soared to a 22-year peak of \$8 billion; yet farmers are paying them off so fast that the debt is only 9% of the total \$90 billion land value v. 25% in 1933. The picture is much the same in home mortgages, installment buying and personal loans.

Nevertheless, there are some soft spots. One worry is the growing number of deceptively easy auto loans that helped push total auto credit to a record \$10.6 billion in February. Finance companies have junked the traditional "one-third down and 24 months to pay," and some go as far as no down payment and five years to pay. Both banks and big finance companies such as General Motors Acceptance Corp. and C.I.T. have extended their terms from 24 to 30 months, and in some

cases even to 36 months. So far, repossession have stayed close to the low, prewar level, but few thoughtful businessmen like the overlong new terms.

Another worry is the recent sharp increase in housing credit, particularly in certain Veterans Administration and Federal Housing Administration insured loans. In February the VA, which already has \$27 billion out in loans, got applications for 104,000 more loans, the highest monthly total since October 1950, and 86% more than a year ago. Almost 40% of the VA's loans require no down payment, give up to 30 years to pay, thus putting consumers in debt for too long a time. Some no-down loans even cover the mortgage closure costs, while in Texas one lender advertises a \$50 cash premium with each loan signed. However, repayments are being made on schedule, and defaults on VA loans have dropped to 1.1% in January 1955 v. 1.7% three years ago. Bankers who felt that the loans were increasing too fast think that this type of credit is already tightening. VA loans are dropping below par value, thereby boosting interest rates, since banks and other holders can get rid of them only at a discount.

FHA is also tightening up on loans. In January FHA insured \$931 million worth of new home construction, nearly double the amount of a year ago. But in the past few weeks, FHA has started to dampen the boom. In Dallas last week, FHA announced that it would make no further firm commitments on purely speculative housing, i.e., with no buyer signed up. In 17 other areas, e.g., Fort Dix, N.J., Portsmouth, Ohio, Paducah, Ky., primarily where defense-stimulated expansion has mushroomed building too rapidly, FHA has also rationed the number of loans it will insure, sometimes cutting builders' applications by as much as 90%. Private bankers are also tightening up, pressing for shorter terms on private loans. Last week a group of top insurance executives recommended that VA require a 5% down payment on loans and that it shorten the terms to 25 years; they also wanted FHA, which already requires 5% down on its loans, to boost payments to 10%.

Overall, Government and most private economists believe that consumer credit is still within limits. The big upsurge is due to the fact that more people than ever are able to buy more goods. Barring a drastic recession in the near future, which no economists expect, it looks as if consumers will be able to pay off their present debts—and keep right on buying.

Report From Essen

Into the oak-paneled upper hall of Villa Hügel, the forbidding, 200-room castle outside Essen where the Krupp munitions dynasty has lived for 81 years, went 500 veteran workers one morning last week to hear a report on Krupp's affairs. Never before had any Krupp ever condescended to report to his employees; never before had any worker been invited to the "House on the Hill." Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, 46, great-grandson of Founder Friedrich Krupp, himself gave his workers the good news. Despite Allied restrictions, Krupp grossed \$238 million last year (17.5% from exports), turned its first "satisfactory" postwar profit.

Just four years ago, released from an American military prison, Alfred Krupp got back some 30 seized enterprises worth \$90 million (about one-fourth of what



KRUPP'S KRUPP
Good news at the castle.

Krupp once controlled), and was told he could produce only products of peace, e.g., locomotives, tractors, etc. Specifically barred from coal mining and steelmaking, Krupp decided to diversify, went to work to regain his old world markets and set up a new branch (Krupp Technik) to concentrate on industrial planning and construction abroad. The strategy succeeded. Among Krupp's current booming projects:

- ❶ A subsidiary to build machinery to produce rayon and other synthetic textiles. Krupp has licensed patents owned by New York's Oscar Kohorn and Co., Ltd., will sell its textile machinery through a new Swiss corporation.
- ❷ Harbor installations for Chile, Bangkok, and Basra, Iraq.
- ❸ Smelting plants in Greece and Spain.
- ❹ Vegetable oil processing plants in Pakistan, Iran, the Sudan.
- ❺ A housing development for 100,000 in India.

High on Krupp's list of future prospects



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are other big, potential customers: the Iron Curtain countries. Said one Krupp executive: "We are very eager to make sales to Communist nations—within the framework of existing embargos."

FASHION

New Look in the Hospital

To most people the starched white uniforms worn by nurses all look alike—but not to nurses. They are well aware that since Florence Nightingale tended the Crimea wounded in a long, grey tweed wrapper, nurses' uniforms have followed fashion from the Gibson-girl shirtwaist to the pencil-slim sheath. To nurses, the top designer and dressmaker is Manhattan's White Swan Uniforms, Inc. Last week White Swan brought out a fat new catalogue with 98 attractive styles. Newest additions to the line: a high-busted, low-waisted Dior-like model that could almost double as a cocktail dress, and for summer, a shoulder-strap, sun-back uniform with Eisenhower jacket (*see cut*).

White Swan has not always been a leader of nurses' fashion. It started out as a house-dress manufacturer, got into the uniform business in 1921 after Boston's Wm. Filene Sons Co. asked it to adapt one of its stylish house dresses into a white graduation dress for a class of Boston nurses. Soon after that, White Swan's President Leo M. Cooper picked up a 300-dozen order for similar uniforms from a Chicago department store. That opened his eyes. By talking to nurses, Cooper learned that they were tired of staid, formless garments. Says Cooper: "The nurse is a woman first and a nurse after." White Swan doubled, then tripled its first line of four uniform styles: orders poured in so fast that by 1927 the company decided to drop its house-dress line (which grossed \$1,000,000 yearly), concentrate on uniforms. It kept expanding and creating new designs, by last year had turned out 1,300 different styles, was operating six cutting and finishing plants, grossing upward of \$5,000,000 yearly.

Styling a uniform has its own special problems. For example, the fabric must be tough enough to stand frequent laundering, and the uniform must be comfortable and easily changed. It must look attractive, but not be too sexy. Says Cooper: "There is an invisible boundary line we cannot cross when styling a nurse's uniform. It must look professional."

MANAGEMENT

Case History

W. (for William) Harold Rea, 47, president of Canadian Oil Companies Ltd., was a logical choice for guest speaker at last week's meeting of Toronto's National Sales Executive Club. Rea's company, a 98.7% Canadian-owned firm, is one of Canada's fastest-growing oil and gas companies. Its 1954 report showed a \$2,000,000 sales increase and a 20% rise in net profit over 1953.

As his topic, Speaker Rea chose to tell "a true story of a business problem faced



SHOULDER-STRAP NURSE'S UNIFORM
Florence Nightingale was forgotten.

by the chief executive of a medium-sized company." The executive, said Rea, was deeply worried about the state of his company's business, as well as the efficiency of his own office and the top men around him. On a friend's recommendation, he took his problem to a psychologist.

The company president underwent a series of IQ and aptitude tests and personality studies. Then his ten chief aides were called in one by one for confidential interviews about their relations with the boss. When it was all over, the psychologist summoned the president. "You're asking for it," he said. "It has to start



GILBERT A. MILNE

OILMAN REA
The boss would never forget.

with you." With frankness he ticked off the president's business faults, portraying him as a penny-pinching worrier about small details, an employer who refused to delegate authority to his staff, an indecisive person who would not let underlings make decisions. "It's an afternoon I'll never forget," the company president said afterward. "Never before have I paid out so much to feel so miserable."

The president's first impulse was to resign, but the psychologist talked him out of that and persuaded him to begin correcting his executive faults. He scrapped his rule of passing personally on every cost item over \$1,000, and let his assistants handle anything up to \$20,000. Each executive's job and responsibilities were carefully defined, and each man was given a free hand to run his own department. As a result, they took more interest in their work. The president's desk was magically cleared of all the piracy problems that once piled up. He had more time for long-range planning and overall policy, and the company's sales and profits rose in gratifying fashion.

Harold Rea's surprise ending to his true story made it Topic A in Toronto business circles for days afterward: "The company I have been talking about is my own company. The chief executive I have been talking about was your speaker."

TRANSPORTATION

Federal Joy Rides

To move personnel and supplies, the Federal Government annually spends \$3 billion, or about 5% of its 1954-55 budget. Is the job well done, or is a lot of money being wasted? Last week the Hoover commission's report, based on the findings of its task force on transportation, announced that at least \$100 million a year is wasted. Furthermore, the 17-man group, headed by Perry M. Shoemaker, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, said that the Government should stop competing with private shippers.

Some "horrible" examples of waste:

- ☛ The Air Force flew dog food to Okinawa, "probably setting a world's record" for the cost of dog food.
- ☛ The Defense Department spends \$250 million a year moving household goods of military personnel back and forth across the seas. It would cost much less, said the commission, to provide basic household goods overseas.
- ☛ The Government ships 6,000 private automobiles a month abroad. The commission suggests that owners should pay for such transportation or be able to rent cars from Government-run pools.
- ☛ The Air Force spent \$481,400,000 in the year ending June 30, 1954 to operate "at least three airlines" over routes that parallel U.S. commercial airlines. If private international airlines had got 25% of the passenger volume and 50% of the mail, the commission estimated, the Government could have cut their subsidies by almost 88%. The commission also found that 85% of all Military Sea Transport



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To cut waste and get the Government out of competition with private services, the commission suggested that the Defense Department appoint a director of transportation, turn over the rest of the Government's transportation operations (except mail and security materials) to the General Services Administration.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Glass-Fiber Pool. An oval glass-fiber swimming pool 3 to 5 ft. deep, 30 ft. long and 15 ft. wide has been put on the market by Los Angeles' Paddock Pool Equipment Co. The pool is rust- and corrosion-proof, more resilient than conventional steel or masonry types, costs about 50% less. Installed price, including excavation and components (filter plant, color trim, concrete coping and walk): between \$2,200 and \$2,600, depending on the area and ease of installation.

Fast Count. A new electronic device that can count up to 1,000,000 objects of varying shapes and sizes in just one second has been developed by Du Mont Laboratories, Inc. of Clifton, N.J. The Incunerator employs a cathode-ray tube to "see," remember what it has counted, then announce the results as lighted figures on a tote board. Among its practical uses: counting blood cells, mass counting of assorted machine parts, tabulating stars in astronomical photos.

Big Picture. A simplified wide-screen lens for amateur photographers that increases by 50% the horizontal view of 8- and 16-mm. movie cameras has been put on sale by the Vistascope Corp. of New York. The special lens widens the camera's "eye" without any distortion. Price: \$75 (for an 8-mm. camera) to \$125 (for the 16-mm. camera).

Rubber Stamp. Brooklyn's Everprint Products, Inc. has put on sale a self-contained rubber stamp that carries its own ink supply good for 100,000 impressions. The padless stamp is available for standard purposes, e.g., "Paid," "Special Delivery," "Fragile," but can also be custom-made for signatures. Price: \$1 for stock stamps, \$2 for custom stamps.

BANKING

Urge to Merge

For customers over the world the Chase Manhattan Bank last week printed 125,000 blotters showing a cartoon of two honeymooners driving off in a car tagged, "Just Merged!" It was the bank's way of telling the public that the merger of the Chase National Bank (No. 3 in the U.S.) and the Bank of the Manhattan Co. (No. 15) had the official blessing of stockholders and the New York State superintendent of banks. Thus Chase Manhattan, with \$7.5 billion in resources, became the biggest bank in New York City and second biggest in the U.S. (after California's \$9.2 billion Bank of America).

Last week another New York City bank completed a merger. National City Bank of New York (\$6.3 billion in resources) took over the \$713 million First National Bank, changed its name to the First National City Bank of New York, thus became the nation's third biggest.

The urge to merge in New York is not over. This week the Bankers Trust Co. (\$2.3 billion in resources) plans to take over the stock of the \$564 million Public National Bank and Trust Co. (in a 1 1/2 to 1 exchange), thereby pulling itself up from ninth to eighth place in the U.S. Biggest reason for the mergers: greater resources make it possible for a bank to make greater individual loans; more branches attract new customers and lower operating overhead.



Dr. Coon is Superintendent of University of Wisconsin Hospitals in Madison. Wausau surprised him. "For a city this size to have *two* large, modern hospitals is unusual enough. But even more unusual is the spirit of the people behind them. You see the very latest equipment, such as the X-ray therapy machine pictured here. You find, too, wonderful touches of comfort—radios that play 'privately' under patients' pillows—and filmed books projected on the ceiling for easy reading."



Senior Student Nurse Carlene Krause, Dr. Coon, Students Peggy Kennedy and Ellen Klimak.

"I talked with nurses at St. Mary's Hospital, on a very exciting day. The two young ladies on the right, called 'probies,' have just completed the probational period of their 3 year training course. St. Mary's has an excellent nursing school, attracting girls from all over the state."



Memorial Hospital Administrator, Miss Olive Graham, shows Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Anderson their new daughter.

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DR. HAROLD COON VISITS WAUSAU

Dr. Coon with Nurse June Watson and children in a hospital playground.

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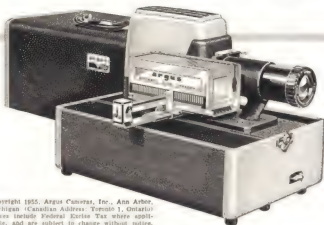
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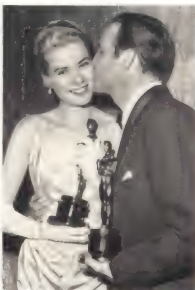
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CINEMA

The Oscars

With Master of Ceremonies Bob Hope sparking the show and Oldsmobile picking up the \$350,000 tab (and spinning out tedious, long-winded commercials), Hollywood handed out its biggest prizes. Watching the 27th annual Academy Awards over TV (for the third year) from Hollywood and Manhattan, U.S. viewers got lots of Hope and laughter in the 90 minutes, but few surprises:

On the Waterfront, a black-and-white, normal-width movie made in New Jersey, was named 1954's best picture, picked up seven other Oscars—e.g., for best actor, Marlon Brando; best supporting actress, Eva Marie Saint; best director, Elia Kazan.



GRACE KELLY & MARLON BRANDO
With lots of Hope and laughter.

zan: best story and screenplay. Budd Schulberg.

Q Best actress: Grace Kelly, for her role as the sad-mouthed wife of the down-and-out actor in *The Country Girl*.

Q Best supporting actor: Edmond O'Brien, for his sweaty, bootlicking press-agent in *The Barefoot Contessa*.

Suddenly grave and well-behaved, Marlon Brando left off his blue jeans, put on a well-pressed dinner jacket, arrived at Hollywood's Pantages Theater right on time, amiably curled his lip at TV cameras. After the show, the reformation seemed complete: Oscar Winner Brando obligingly kissed Grace Kelly's porcelain cheek for the benefit of fans and photographers.

New Picture

A Man Called Peter (20th Century-Fox) is a faithful film adaptation of Catherine Marshall's bestselling biography of her husband, the Rev. Peter Marshall, late chaplain of the U.S. Senate. It begins at his first encounter with God in a



COLOR UNIFORMITY

If you make soaps, soups, cereals or cigarettes, your millions of packages must look alike, even though printed in widely separated plants.

If you make household or business appliances or automobiles—whose parts are assembled after painting—color standardization is all-important.

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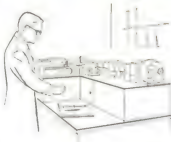
Part of the miracle of mass production is the color uniformity achieved with modern chemical coatings in the form of printing inks, industrial product finishes and textile colors.

Color creation calls for a sound

knowledge of color chemistry, of physics, of the complexities of molecular manipulation. Color control—pound after pound, gallon after gallon—results from thorough inspection techniques in all Interchemical plants.

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The car you ride in, dome or otherwise, is constructed of many-times-stronger stainless steel. And it is equipped with

Budd disc brakes that make stops velvet smooth, and barely whisper down long mountain grades.

For years, the Canadian Pacific has made a practice of studying the quality and performance of passenger equipment on all the world's great trains. Out of these searching studies have come the ideas that provide for your travel enjoyment in "The Canadian". And also the decision to have these trains built by Budd.

Budd

Philadelphia

Detroit

Gary

Scottish fog, when a voice warned and a root tripped him at the edge of a precipice. It carries him to the U.S. on "orders from the Chief," through Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Ga., and eventually to Atlanta, where his powerful sermons packed them in and even stood them up on the lawn outside.

It was there, at a temperance rally, that Peter (Richard Todd) got to know Catherine (Jean Peters). She knew right away that "Peter Marshall was calling for me," but all he seemed to notice at first was the speech she gave—as well he might; it was a paraphrase of one of his own sermons. Soon, however, "God just spun [him] around like a top and said, 'Peter—you idiot—this is My grandest plan for you!'; and so they were married. After a Cape Cod honeymoon, Peter received a call to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C.

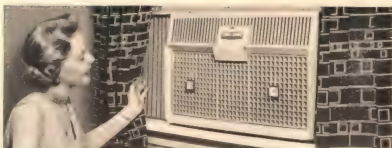


RICHARD TODD & JEAN PETERS
God gave him a spin.

where his preaching of a "red-blooded... bronzed, fearless" Christ brought young and old by incredible thousands to his church door.

From this time (1937) forward, Peter went about his Father's business at the whirlwind pace of a religious tycoon. When he was not converting a sin-sick Senator, he was charging down to Annapolis to read a sizzling sermon over the midshipmen, or bellowing *Mairzy Doots* at the church canteen for servicemen, or batting out flies with the kids on the parking lot, or marrying some sailor and his girl, or harrying the hangbacks on his board of trustees.

For all Peter's drive, it was Catherine who cracked first—she came down with TB. No sooner had she recovered than Peter had a serious heart attack (in real life there was a two-year interval). He survived, only to assume, on top of his



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...an all new high in cooling power!

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other duties, those of Senate chaplain. He made a memorable start ("Lord, give us courage to stand for something, lest we fall for anything") and a sudden tragic finish; two years later he died of a second heart attack.

As the Rev. Peter Marshall, Richard Todd is just about terrific. Unsparringly he lays on the hard glaze of the relentless public manner, but never so thick that the warmer luster of the man's heart fails to show through. He even succeeds in preaching considerable excerpts from five sermons—one of them lasts a full 8½ minutes—with such charm that the moviegoer hardly realizes he has just been subjected to the equivalent of a month of Sundays.

And yet, for all its big talk about God, Peter Marshall's story as it emerges on the screen has depressingly little to say about religion. On the evidence given in the film, the man was more to be praised for his social than for his spiritual qualities. The film, much more strongly than the book, gives the impression that Peter Marshall was a great salesman, who sold Christianity the way another man might sell frontage in an exclusive suburb. And his death at 46, which is apparently intended to move one like the death of a martyr, has instead a kind of sorry unimportance on the screen, as if Connecticut, and not Heaven, had been his destination.

CURRENT & CHOICE

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed, Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

Hunters of the Deep. The camera grazes on beauty in the ocean pastures (TIME, Feb. 14).

Game of Love. First oats, as two French adolescents sow them; based on Colette's novel, *Le Blé en Herbe* (TIME, Jan. 24).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate chorale on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Gate of Hell. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge and Pearl Bailey (TIME, Nov. 1).



*He saw Madame and this he asked her
"How can I get my shipments faster?"*



*He took her advice, what it was you can guess
Now orders come swiftly by **RAILWAY EXPRESS!***

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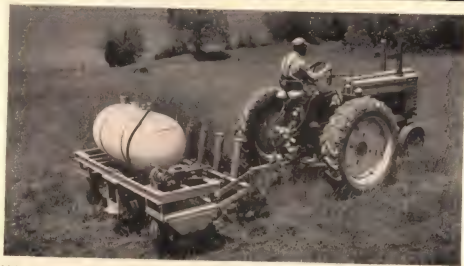


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Only STEEL can do so many jobs



Pioneer Zephyr. Remember 1934 when the Burlington Zephyr made its famous Denver to Chicago run? It maintained an average speed of 77.61 mph, an unprecedented feat at the time. This train is still in service after 20 years, and it has rolled up an awesome 2.8 million mile record. The Stainless Steel exterior is still as bright and gleaming as the day it was built.

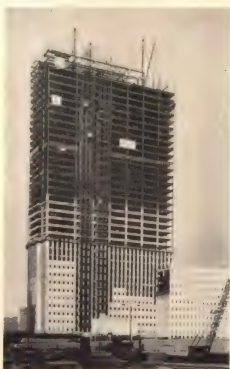


Liquid Fertilizer is applied six inches underground with this machine and it doesn't even disturb the sod. Of all the nitrogen used as fertilizer, last year 20% was applied as liquid anhydrous ammonia. United States Steel supplied the steel for this fertilizer spreader.

so well



A Quarter Ton Of Glass must be supported by the sash in this convent-school. The sash is double-glazed with stained glass on one side, clear glass on the other. Because of the great weight, and the high winds in the area, the authorities chose steel windows because they are so strong. For many years, United States Steel has furnished special rolled steel window sections for manufacturers all over the country.



Thirty-one Thousand Tons Of Steel went into the framework of this Prudential Life Insurance Company building in Chicago. Every pound of steel in the 600-foot skeleton was fabricated and erected by United States Steel.

Sleep Of The Innocent. No one can sleep with the warm, untroubled peacefulness of a baby. To an insomniac, a deep sleep is the greatest luxury on earth. And mark this: the softest thing you can sleep on is steel. USS Premier Spring Wire is especially made for a good night's rest, and you'll find it in the most famous brands of mattresses.



SEE The United States Steel Hour. It's a full-hour TV program presented every other week by United States Steel. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.

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5-411

BOOKS

F.D.R. Under a Microscope

THE ROOSEVELT LEADERSHIP: 1933-1945 (491 pp.)—Edgar Eugene Robinson—Lippincott (\$6).

At his death four years ago, J. Brooks B. Parker, Philadelphia insurance man, left an unusual bequest. He set aside \$25,000 for a "contemporary appraisal . . . without fear, favor or prejudice" of the influence of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the U.S. The appraiser chosen by the Parker executors: Edgar Eugene Robinson, now 68, longtime professor of American political history at Stanford, and founder of that university's Institute of American History. Professor

shows you what a country can do when you take their affairs out of the hands of Congress."

While the pattern of leadership which evolved in early New Deal days undoubtedly brought some measure of recovery, in Professor Robinson's view it also grievously ruptured the orderly traditional processes of U.S. democracy. To tighten his grip on the mass imagination, the President relied shamelessly on the "devil" theory of history, "Wall Street," "big businessmen," "reactionaries," "economic royalists" were tagged as villains. The logical legacy of the devil theory was the witch hunt. Professor Robinson implies that today's political "primitives" of limited intelligence," e.g., the McCarthy-



Wide World

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (IN 1936)
After wonder-and-blunder drugs, a ravenous appetite.

Robinson does more than fulfill the terms of the Parker will; he brings to his book the settling virtues of scholarship and cold common sense. The F.D.R. who emerges from *The Roosevelt Leadership* is supremely confident, politically astute and personally courageous, but he is also an ethical and ideological fantasist, blithely writing IOUs on the U.S. future.

Devil Theory of History. At Roosevelt's inaugural in 1933, says Biographer Robinson, the U.S. was suffering from a paralytic failure of nerve. F.D.R.'s "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself" injected the adrenaline of confidence into the fluttering heart of the nation's economy. It was followed by the wonder-and-blunder drugs—NRA, AAA, PWA, etc.—of the "First Hundred Days." The New Deal was born more or less by executive fiat, but Will Rogers probably echoed the electorate when he wrote, "I don't know what additional authority Roosevelt may ask, but give it to him, even if it's to drown all the boy babies . . . It just

ites, are the spawn of Roosevelt's intemperate labeling of political enemies. Equally damaging to the American policy, according to Robinson, was F.D.R.'s reliance on his intimate junta of nonselective braintrusts.

Of the President's own mind, one close observer said to Robinson that it was "indolent, superficial, gay, deeply interested in the trivial—yet forced to deal with subjects and problems beyond its comprehension."

Letter to Laski. Roosevelt's second term—much of it frittered away in the Supreme Court-packing fight and would-be party purges—reveals to Historian Robinson a ravenously unconstitutional appetite for power. It also exposed F.D.R.'s advisers as radical innovators and not home-grown reformers on the lines of Teddy Roosevelt or Bob La Follette. In Robinson's view, the maladjustments of the 20th century had convinced many of these men that the U.S. was no longer an "open society" offering the man-

ifold opportunities that it had in previous centuries. Their slogan was "economic democracy." Their tacitly admired model was the Russian experiment.

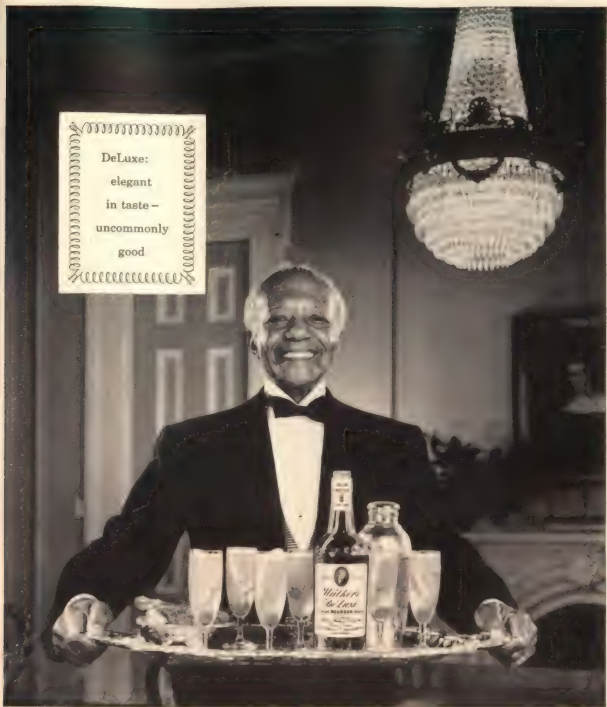
Without carrying party cards, they set out to achieve "many of the primary, leveling objectives of Communism." To the end of his life the President relishes his Administration's socially revolutionary aims and regretted that World War II shunted them aside. As late as Jan. 16, 1945, he wrote to Far Left Socialist Harold Laski: "Our goal is, as you say, identical for the long-range objectives . . ."

Even before his third term began, war and the threat of war catapulted F.D.R. onto the international stage. As recently as 1933, Roosevelt had acted the willful isolationist himself in torpedoing the London Economic Conference, to the great glee of Europe's dictators. The rise of Hitler of necessity made F.D.R. an internationalist. Professor Robinson absolves Roosevelt of any blame for the disaster at Pearl Harbor, except to note that something like Pearl Harbor was almost bound to happen once the U.S. stepped over the line of strict neutrality.

The Glue of Charm. Roosevelt's costliest international errors in World War II were logical extensions of New Deal fallacies abroad. Applying the devil theory to the Germans, F.D.R. pressed for the policy of unconditional surrender—"a blunder of the first magnitude." Bypassing normal channels of diplomacy, as he had in effect bypassed a submissive Congress, Roosevelt undertook to paste together lasting agreements between the great powers with the glue of personal charm. As early as March of 1942, he wrote to Churchill: "I think I can handle Stalin personally better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department." This was partly the pride of a man with three remarkable U.S. election triumphs notched in his ego. But at a deeper and more dangerous level, he believed that he could win over Stalin "only because the President had such a tolerant view of the Russian government." The high price of wooing Stalin has made an ignominious word out of Yalta.

In putting F.D.R. under the microscope of history, Professor Robinson carefully analyzes all his roles. In the economic rip tide of the Depression, Roosevelt was almost a conservative dike compared to the lunatic fringe of Huey Long, Townsends and Coughlins. And Roosevelt "was able to formulate some of the needed changes and see them written into law." Yet "when he ceased to lead, the effect of his years in power was manifested in a weakened constitutional system, in imperiled national security, in diminished national morale, in deteriorated political morality, and in an overburdened economy."

What was the tragic flaw? According to Professor Robinson, there were several. Policy and principle were sabotaged by personality and expediency. While F.D.R. proclaimed the bright future of the common man, mushrooming Government bureaus sapped self-reliance by nurturing



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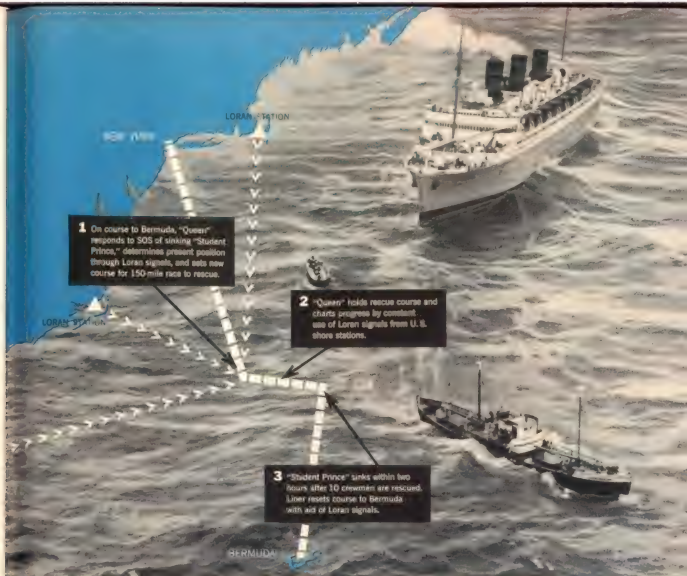
security-consciousness. "The most powerful of American Presidents" chose to time vital actions of state on such cues as he could pick up at the keyhole of public opinion. Concludes Robinson: "Roosevelt's failure lay in his unsuccessful attempt to justify the means or establish the ends he had in view. This was his personal tragedy. Inasmuch as on major decisions he had a majority support, it was also the tragedy of the American people."

Mixed Fiction

DUTCH, by Theodore Bonnet (416 pp.; Doubleday; \$3.95). This time Theodore (*The Mudlark*) Bonnet has sited his wide-ranging fancy on the shore of San Francisco Bay. The whisky-spattered portrait that has hung so long over Dan McClatchy's bar in Llagas, a chicken town near San Francisco, turns out to be a real Rembrandt. Carried away by sudden fame and the hope of fortune, Dan fancies up his place and reopens it as the "Lost Dutchman." Feature writers, artists and slumming socialites flock in; they make even more of Dan, a rare, pure specimen of pre-Fire, South-of-Market Irishman, than of his Rembrandt. But local bluenoses denounce Dan and all his works and ways. After a sensational hearing in which his thirstiest patron blows the bluenosiest citizen right out of the water, Dan is stripped of his liquor license. The rest of the story tells how Dan is rescued from dry destruction and winds up in a saloonkeeper's heaven on Nob Hill. Like Dan's old tavern, the book is cluttered with all sorts of people—righteous madams, pining widows, pinko artists, lovelorn pros. It plays fast and loose with San Francisco's dignity—not to mention the Dutch master's. But it is big, breezy, and stacked with lusty action—more like a Bruegel than a Rembrandt.

THE HIDDEN RIVER, by Storm Jameson (244 pp.; Harper; \$3). is a novel about sleeping dogs and their fierce awakenings. During World War II, a young Frenchman is betrayed to the Nazis by an unknown person and executed as a Resistance leader. Five years later, his widowed old mother and two of his cousins still live in the sunny, sleepy Loire Valley, trying not to remember too much. Into this setting comes a messenger of the Fates, in the guise of a British intelligence officer who used to work with the dead Resistance hero. The officer cannot rest until the last hound of the past is stirred up; one of the cousins, it turns out, was the betrayer. After a barrowing inquisition, the old lady sternly ordains that the boy must stand public trial. The sequel is shame, murder and flight—all contrasted with the lovely countryside, the growing vineyards where the grapes are not of wrath but of forgetful peace.

Yorkshire-born Storm Jameson has been writing this successful kind of brimstone and heartbreak novel for 36 years (*The Captain's Wife*, *The Green Man*). She seems always to write right alongside her characters in all their anguished



U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTO

10 ON WRECK SAVED BY BERMUDA LINER

Battered Fishing Boat Sinks Two Hours After Dramatic
Rescue in Atlantic Gale ■ N.Y. TIMES, JAN. 7, 1955

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

It was 9:13 on the stormy night of January 5th when the outbound *Queen of Bermuda* responded to the SOS of the *Student Prince II*. Her seams opened by the battering North Atlantic gale and her lifeboat smashed in a futile attempt to abandon ship, the fishing boat was sinking rapidly with 10 men aboard. Could the *Queen* reach her in time, 150 miles away, with stormy skies making celestial navigation impossible? She could and did

—with the guidance of Sperry Loran. As planes of the Coast Guard and Air Force circled overhead keeping the sinking vessel in sight, the *Queen* was able to pinpoint the location of the fishing boat and remove every member of the crew—just two hours before the stricken craft went to the bottom.

Developed for the Navy during World War II, Sperry Loran has taken its place along with radar as one of today's great aids to safe, accurate navigation in all kinds of weather. Stripped of technical terms, here's how it works. Night and

day, Loran stations, located some 300 miles apart on shore, continuously send out powerful radio signals. Aboard ship the navigator, with a Sperry Loran Receiver, measures the difference in time of arrival of these signals from three or more stations to determine his exact position.

Simple, dependable and surprisingly low in cost, Sperry Loran enables ocean liners to set fast, direct courses . . . and is equally useful to fishing boats in locating and staying on the most productive fishing grounds. It's a good example of Sperry's unusual combination of creative engineering and precision production—a combination that is also responsible for so many advances in aerial navigation and bombing systems, guided missiles and gunfire control systems.

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LIKE PRIDE-IN-PRODUCT LABOR? If you need a plant site, hear a word of wisdom from George Holland, president of Union Twist Drill Co., in Athol, Massachusetts — "25% of the nation's tool business is located in New England. And the primary reason for this remarkable concentration is that here a man is proud of his work. Like his father and grandfather were. It's a fascinating phenomenon that the machine age has never destroyed the New Englander's sense of pride in his product, respect for his job or loyalty to his company. That's the way we find it around northern Worcester County and in Athol. And that's the way you'll find it everywhere in New England!"



HOW'S THE VIEW FROM YOUR PLANT? Many industries selecting New England plant sites are moving directly into suburbs or small towns. Real estate developments designed for "garden-type" plant buildings, availability of local labor and a new chain of superhighways are partially responsible. Also influential is the small community's appreciative attitude towards industry. 1954's construction figures (27% above record-breaking 1953) indicate the amount of industry coming in. And constantly increasing demand on the New England Electric System's 24 hydro and 12 steam plants proves the region industrious — in more ways than one! Above, the Webster Street Plant, Worcester, Massachusetts.



New England's largest electric system — serving 2,300,000 people in 232 New England communities — and over 3800 industrial and manufacturing firms.

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blindness. If she could ever appear to stand above them, Novelist Jameson might create true tragedy. As it is, she continues effectively enough in the task she set herself long ago—"not to cheat, but to record every item in the tale of mistakes, joys, cruelties, and simple meanness that make up our dealings one with others."

Barnacles for All

APES, ANGELS & VICTORIANS (399 pp.) —William Irvine—McGraw-Hill (\$5).

Dr. Robert Darwin had a sharp eye. When his son Charles came home on H.M.S. *Beagle* in 1836, after a five-year voyage of scientific exploration, the old man took one look at him and exclaimed: "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered!" But within 30 years a greater change had taken place: standing at the helm of one of history's great intellectual revolutions, Charles Darwin had altered the shape of contemporary thought.

It is difficult to recapture the feeling of "intellectual holocaust" into which Darwin's doctrine of evolution by natural selection plunged the world. So much the better that Stanford University's Professor William Irvine should be the man to have made the attempt. U.S. biography has become world renowned for the depth and breadth of its research, but almost invariably it has paid for its weightiness in stolid writing and lack of imagination. Author Irvine (who proved his touch in 1949 with *The Universe of G.B.S.*) is one U.S. biographer to show that vast masses of research can be moved around with light-fingered dexterity.

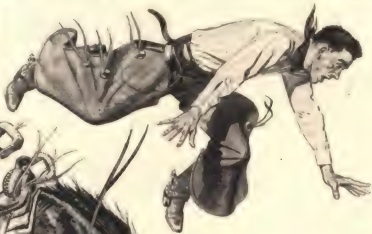
The great names of Victorian science, philosophy and theology find a place in Biographer Irvine's brilliant study. Thomas Henry Huxley, who was Darwin's right-hand man and champion, actually takes up half the book. And yet, as Huxley himself readily admitted, it is Charles Darwin who dominates the scene.

Terror of Error. Psychologists have played with Darwin's psyche like happy children with an entrancing toy. Raised by a stern and awesome father, Darwin spent his whole life trying to be a well-behaved little gentleman deserving of love and approval; no great man was ever more prone to anxiety and apologetic, more terrified of being caught in error.

He was "physically awkward"—so much so that he bent every effort to making himself manually skillful, spending hours whipping a rifle to his shoulder in front of a mirror (he became a first-rate shot). Fear of error caused him to develop "an insatiable appetite for tabulation" and the determination to write nothing that he could not back up. His inability to talk back fast and deep-rooted fear of sudden criticism made him a wary recluse who spent year upon year building impregnable fortresses. Author Irvine is a shade sharper with Novelist Samuel Butler, who, like Shaw after him, quarreled with the theory of natural selection because it attributed the survival and development of species more to luck than cunning and paid no



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tribute to the power of the will. Yet Darwin's own calculated struggle is like a confirmation of Butler's criticism. Genius, Darwin himself insisted, is essentially "unflinching, undaunted perseverance."

Unenthusiastic about becoming a clergyman (which his father proposed), too "pathologically sensitive" to become a doctor, Darwin devoted his mammoth perseverance to becoming Darwin, *i.e.*, an authority on matter rather than mind. For eight years he studied barnacles: his "patient dissection of thousands of smelly little sea animals" so impressed his children that they assumed that everyone in the world was similarly occupied. "Then where does he do his barnacles?" asked a little Darwin about a neighbor.

Nurse for the Patient. The only casualty in Darwin's struggle was Darwin himself. His ailments included "weakness,



CHARLES DARWIN (IN "VANITY FAIR")
Mutter over mind.

fatigue, headache, insomnia, sinking feelings and dizziness." Actually, sickness was a vast help to him. "A half-hour's conversation with a stranger could give him a sleepless night"—so Darwin happily avoided strangers. "An hour in church could produce dizziness and nausea"—so Darwin had time for his barnacles even on Sundays. He paid tribute to the very heaviest tomes by reclining in a chair to read them with numerous cushions under him. As this made his legs uncomfortable, he placed them on a footstool; this, in turn, made necessary more cushions on the chair, which demanded higher support for the feet. "One is tempted to imagine him, in the course of a long German work, rising rather close to the ceiling."

The question of whether or not to marry had been solved with the greatest difficulty. As in his study of barnacles, he had been careful to jot down all available

Now Puerto Rico Offers 100% Tax Exemption to New Industry

by BEARDSLEY RUMI

"We don't want runaway industries" says Governor Muñoz. "But we do seek new and expanding industries." Federal taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico, and the Commonwealth also offers full exemption from local taxes. That is why 300 new plants have been located in Puerto Rico, protected by all the guarantees of the U. S. Constitution.



Beardsley Rumi

IN a dramatic bid to raise the standard of living in Puerto Rico, the Commonwealth Government is now offering U. S. manufacturers such overwhelming incentives that more than three hundred new factories have already been established in this sun-drenched island 961 miles off the Florida coast.

First and most compelling incentive is a completely tax-free period of ten years for most manufacturers who set up new plants in Puerto Rico.

For example, if your company is now making a net profit after taxes of \$53,500, your net profit in Puerto Rico would be \$100,000—a gain of 87 per cent as a result of non-applicability of U. S. Corporate Income Tax in Puerto Rico.

Your dividends in Puerto Rico from a corporation there could be \$50,000 against \$25,000 net in the U. S.—owing to the non-applicability of the U. S. Income Tax.

What About Labor?

Puerto Rico's labor reservoir of 630,000 men and women has developed remarkable levels of productivity and efficiency—thanks, in part, to the Commonwealth's vocational training schools. These schools also offer special courses for managers and supervisors.

The progress made in technical skills may be gauged from the fact that there are now twenty-eight factories producing delicate electronic equipment.

Among the U. S. companies that have already set up manufacturing operations in Puerto Rico are Sylvania Electric, Carborundum Company, St. Regis Paper, Remington Rand, Univis Lens, Shoe Cor-

CORPORATE TAX EXEMPTION	
If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 17,500	\$ 25,000
20,500	50,000
33,500	100,000
243,500	500,000
485,500	1,000,000

DIVIDEND TAX EXEMPTION	
If your income* after U. S. Individual Income Tax is:	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 3,900	\$ 5,000
7,500	10,000
10,270	15,000
14,830	25,000
23,180	50,000
32,680	100,000
43,180	200,000
70,180	500,000

*These examples are figured for dividends paid in Puerto Rico to a single resident. Based on Federal rates effective Jan. 1, 1954.

poration of America, and Weston Electric.

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evidence on the nature of the married state. Against it was: "Terrible loss of time, if many children forced to gain one's bread." But the advantages were pretty inviting: "Children (if it please God)—constant companion (& friend in old age)—charms of music & female chit-chat... Only picture to yourself a nice soft wife on a sofa, with good fire and books... In 1839 he married firm, kindly Emma Wedgwood: "the perfect nurse had married the perfect patient." Among their many common bonds was backgammon. Darwin tabulated the results of all their games, so that towards the end of his life he was able to write to a friend: "She, poor creature, has won only 2,490 games, whilst I have won, hurrah, hurrah, 2,795 games."

Drafts in the Abbey. The theme of *Apes, Angels & Victorians* is the evolution of evolutionary theory, and it is not Author Irvine's fault if Darwin the man almost steals the whole show. Imbedded in crustaceans, orchids, insectivorous plants and earthworms. Darwin seems at one moment the most innocent and lovable of sages, at the next the most cunning of nervous foxes. From Down House, his retreat in Kent, he issued a stream of letters to his disciples and champions, urging them on, tactfully setting them straight, occasionally punctuating his orders with childlike cries of "Oh my gracious!" Far away, in sooty London, in learned Berlin, in skeptical Paris, lesser Darwinian deities wielded his thunderbolts: bearded Titans of science grappled amid earth-shaking roars with massive doctors of divinity. Darwin was dumfounded by the racket. "I feel quite infantile in intellect," he said.

Except for a few short trips, Darwin emerged from Down House only for his funeral (1882) in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was terrific: all sat in awe as the coffin of the archfiend, "borne by Huxley, Hooker, Wallace, Lubbock, James Russell Lowell, Canon Ferrar, an Earl, two Dukes, and the President of the Royal Society," was carried in amid the angelic chanting of choirboys. Fortunately, there was a living Darwin present, his son William, to give the ceremony a characteristically Darwinian touch. The abbey was very drafty, so William, "with the respect shown by all Darwins for the possible invasion of disease... poised his black gloves on the top of his bald head and sat thus throughout the service."

Bestseller Revisited

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING (368 pp.)—*Grantland Rice*—Barnes (\$5).

To millions of U.S. fans, Grantland Rice belonged as much to the golden age of sport as the heroes he wrote about—Tilden and Ruth and Dempsey, Rockne and Jones and Cobb. His phrases were memorable. Of Notre Dame's 1924 victory over Army, he wrote: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only

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aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

The Tumult and the Shouting, Granny Rice's autobiography, which appeared last fall, shortly after his death at 73, has been near the top of the bestseller list for 20 weeks. An odd kind of personal history, it is all about others, the heroes he worshipped. It is a rambling book, tumbled about with scraps of Granny's syndicated verse—it used to be said that he was the only man in the U.S. who could wire a poem collect. There are also recollections of college days at Vanderbilt. But mostly, the book is packed with nostalgic stories that call back the champions of the golden '20s.

Out of Great Neck. As a 24-year-old Atlanta sports editor, Rice was bombarded with wires and postcards from all over Georgia and Alabama about a deer-footed young player on the Augusta baseball club. In 1904 he broke down and printed the first story about Ty Cobb. Long after his spectacular career was over, Cobb confessed to Rice that he wrote and sent all the messages himself. Once, when President Harding invited him to Washington to play golf, Rice brought along his pal Ring Lardner. The President, a little puzzled, asked why Long Islander Lardner was there. "I want to be appointed Ambassador to Greece," said King. "Why?" asked Harding. "My wife doesn't like Great Neck," Lardner said.

When Walter Camp died in 1925, Rice was asked to pick *Collier's* All-America football teams. After 50 years of picking them, Rice in his autobiography named not only his alltime best college footballers but the best baseball pitchers. Though Dizzy Dean is not on the list ("He didn't pitch long enough"), he obviously rated a favored spot in Rice's heart. After reeling off a flock of other peoples' stories about Dean, Granny tells of the time he sat on the train with Diz and his brother Paul the season the two Ozark hog callers won 49 games for the St. Louis Cardinals. Paul was lustily swinging a bottle of pop when the train roared into a long tunnel. "Diz," exclaimed Paul. "You tried any of this stuff?" "Just fixin' to," replied Diz. "Don't!" cautioned Paul. "I did, and I've gone plumb blind."

Across the Styx. Toward the last, Rice stopped following the champions down the fairways and into the dugouts. But he loved to go out and bet on the ponies and though the rest of the rhymesters and paragraphers had largely disappeared from the newspapers, he kept up his occasional verse. After many of his friends had died, he wrote a characteristic verse to Charon, the boatman of the Styx:

*The Flame of the Inn is dim tonight—
Too many vacant chairs—
The sun has lost too much of its light—
Too many songs have taken flight—
Too many ghosts on the stairs—
Charon—here's to you—as man again
man—
I wish I could pick 'em the way you
can.*

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